McKean County Miner.

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A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH WEDDING

A Prominent Society Young Couple Married Last Evening.

CEREMONY AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

Mr. J. S. Walker and Miss Rena May Gallup United for Life—Reception at Home of Bride's Mother.

One of the most brilliant social events of the season occurred on Wednesday evening, June 8th, when Miss Rena May, only daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth D. Gallup, and Mr. J. Scott Walker were united in marriage at St. Luke's church.

The beautiful church, which had been artistically decorated with ferns and carnations by Mr. J. R. Watkinshaw, was well filled long before the hour appointed for the ceremony, and an appreciative congregation listened to the strains of wedding music from the hands of the skillful organist, Miss Helen McCoy. From the stately "March of the Priests" from Athalie, the soothing tones of Schubert's Serenade and the more familar wedding march of Mendelssohn, our attention was transferred to the bridal party, ushered by Messrs. Horace Redfield and Guy McCoy. Marion Gallup, a young niece of the bride, as flower maiden, entered first, gowned in white and carrying a basket of pink roses. The maids, Miss Walker, sister of the groom, and Miss Camp, cousin of the same, in pink mull gowns and hats, carried white roses. Mrs. Gordon Studholme, matron of honor, who was a September bride, wore her wedding gown and carried pink carnations. Miss Gallup, who entered with her brother, Mr. Fred D. Gallup and was given away by him, wore a gown of white French lawn, trimmed with Flemish lace, and carried white sweet peas. Her veil was fastened with a beautiful pearl brooch, the gift of the groom.

The party was met at the chancel by Rev. J. Heber McCandless, the groom and his brother, Mr. Edward Walker, as best man. The impressive service was read by the rector and after the invocation the party left the church to the strains of Tannhauser.

A reception was given at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth D. Gallup on Green street, and the spacious rooms of the beautiful house resounded with congratulations and merry laughter until a late hour. The Lyceum orchestra rendered appropriate selections during the evening, adding much to the pleasure of the hundred or more guests assembled. Dainty refreshments were served in the dining room.

The bride's gifts to her friends who assisted included pins, gold beads, gold links and silver mounted card cases. The groom's gifts to the ushers were scarf pins.

Miss Gallup is one of Smethport's most accomplished young ladies and is a musician of rare ability. Mr. Walker holds a responsible position at the Camp g ss works, is a young man of sterling qualities, and during his five years' residence in Smethport has won the confidence and respect of the community. It is fortunate for Smethport that we are to retain this estimable couple in our midst.

The bride and groom left on the midnight train amid a shower of rice and good wishes for points of interest.

Cought Caught Catching Small Trout.

William Cought and Mrs. Tebo, both of Emporium, have got themselves into serious trouble by attempting to keep a number of undersized trout. Last Sunday morning this couple, in company with the woman's mother, drove to the head of Potato creek and started in for a day's fishing on Haven's Brook. Later developments went to show that while the stream was full of hungry, speckled beauties they were mostly under the age of consent as prescribed by the laws of this Commonwealth.

Fish Warden Timmerman, who is the legally appointed guardian of these tender young beauties and who is ever watchful of their interests, happened to be doing patrol duty in that section on this day and when he met this fishing party he performed his customary duty of searching them. In the pockets of the young man the warden found 35 trout that had not reached the age when his duty as a guardian ceases. Mr. Timmerman then turned his attention to Mrs. Tebo but found no little ones in her basket. However, he noticed signs of blood and water on the front of the lady's shirtwaist and asked the cause. Her actions rather than her words convinced the fish warden that he had made a rich find and after some argument she removed 30 little finny wards of our protector of small fish in her corsage No small fish were found in the possession of the older lady.

Mr. Cought and Mrs. Tebo were taken before Justice Phalen of Crosby who upposed a fine of $10 for each trout or $650 and costs on the couple. They were wholly unprepared for this turn of affairs and Mr. Timmerman accompanied them to Emporium where they attempted to raise the required amount without any success. Last night a brother of Mrs. Tebo was here trying to make some arrangements for the release of his sister but nothing could be done and unless the line is paid in some way they will be brought to Smethport and lodged in jail to-day.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

From the Blairstown (Iowa) Advocate we clip the following marriage notice, and as both parties were once residents of this place, one being the daughter of David R. Bennett, Esq., of Port Allegany, we gladly publish and heartily congratulate the parties.

Crandall-Mason—On Wednesday evening, February 1, 1874, at the residence of T. O. Clark, Esq., in Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. Geo. B. Crandall of Blairstown, to Mrs. Ambrosia A. Mason, of Des Moines.

After extending hearty congratulations to the newly wedded pair, and wishing them a long life of complete felicity, we take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the handsomest wedding cake we have seen in Benton county. It will interest our readers to know what the State Register says of the affair, so we reproduce the following from the columns of that journal:

Marriage—Last evening Mr. George B. Crandall of Blairstown was united in marriage with Mrs. Ambrosia A. Mason of this city, the ceremony taking place at the residence of F. O. Clark, Esq., brother-in-law to the bride. Mr. Crandall is a citizen of such good repute as to warrant that our townswoman has made an excellent choice matrimonially. For six years past the lady has been in charge of the extensive millinery establishment of Mrs. M. M. Clark, and eight of the young ladies who have been in her employ appeared last night in the bridal train. A life of womanly virtues and honest labor is by this means blended with another life of honor and worth.

The refreshments on the occasion, which were most elaborate both in quantity and quality, were prepared entirely by Miss Elva, daughter of the bride, a girl of but sixteen years. The young lady inherits housewifely qualities that tell of the excellence of her home training.

The wedding was attended only by the family, but that means, when the Masons rally, a host and a host of good people. The newly mated pair leave for their future home in Blairstown, to-day.—Blairstown, Iowa, Advocate.

Sudden Death—Alice Glenn, a daughter of Mr. Hugh Glenn of this place, about fourteen years of age, died very suddenly Tuesday night of this week. She was apparently as well as ever all that day, and after eating a hearty supper retired in as good health as usual. About midnight she was taken with coughing and called her father, who hastened to her room barely in time to see her die in his arms. It is supposed that her death was caused by a hemorrhage, or rupture of a blood vessel. She was a bright, intelligent girl, and the bereaved parents and family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Died—At Jessup, Buchanan county, Iowa, April 6, 1874, Thomas Moore, aged 62, formerly a resident of Farmers Valley, this county.

At Millerstown, Butler county, Pa., Philip Martin, son of John Martin, Sr., of Sergeant township, aged 28.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church, Smethport, will be dedicated on Sunday, April 26, 1874. The ceremony will be performed by the Right Rev. Tobias Mullin, Lord Bishop of Erie, assisted by several clergymen. Mass will be at the usual hour.

Messrs. D. C. Young and J. C. Backus met with a mishap that came very near being a serious accident, while returning from Kane last Thursday. Their team became frightened at a yoke of oxen and making a side issue from the main track down a steep dugway, succeeded in throwing both gentlemen out of the carriage and breaking the pole. Fortunately, with the exception of a few bruises and the utter demoralization of the Captain's new silk hat no farther damage was done.

Died—Suddenly, at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday, May 2, 1874, W. M. Newell, aged 63.

Excursion to Bradford

Saturday, June 11th, the B., B. & K. R. R. Co. will sell tickets Smethport to Bradford and return, good going on train at 10:15 a. m., 4:40 and 6:15 p. m., and for return on train leaving Bradford at 4:10 and 11:00 p. m. for one fare for the round trip or 75c. from Smethport. Attractions—Dilger Cornell Stock Co. at New Bradford Theatre, afternoon and evening. Grand Carnival at Woodbury's Ring. Buckskin Bill's Great Wild West Shows at Bradford Driving Park afternoon and evening.

For Your Vines and Plants

You should use Bug Death, the greatest insect destroyer. We have it in any size packages. Holmes & Gilfillan.

SESSION OF CRIMINAL COURT

Many Cases Were Rapidly Disposed of This Week.

EUGENE STOREY PLEADED GUILTY.

Editor Swisher Foreman of Grand Jury—Sentences of Convicted Prisoners—Foreigners Naturalized.

Criminal court convened on Monday at 2 o'clock p. m., with Judge Joseph W. Bonton on the bench. The grand jury was instructed as to its duties and retired to act upon 15 cases. Editor H. M. Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was appointed foreman.

The various constables then made their returns, whereupon the judge took occasion to call their attention to their duty of returning all persons, proprietors of houses of prostitution, drug stores, etc., whom they fine selling intoxicating liquors, as wine, whiskey, beer, hard cider, etc., without a license.

The judge reminded the constables that it is their duty to see that the county roads and bridges are in a safe condition and if they learn of any defects in the roads or bridges in their bailiwick they must make return so that the proper officers may take action thereon.

A number of motions were entertained, after which the case of the Commonwealth vs. R. R. McClure, charged with practicing dentistry without a license, was called for trial. When arraigned he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution.

John Olof Karlson and Edward Johnson of Marvindale, both natives of Sweden, and Robert H. Williams, of Kane, a native of Wales, were naturalized.

Frank Carpenter of Eldred township was found guilty of assault and battery on his wife and was fined $120 and costs of prosecution. Mr. Carpenter interfered when his wife was whipping their child and the jury was of the opinion that he was too strenuous in this action.

Daniel Powers of Bradford pleaded guilty to a charge of practicing dentistry without a license. He has been arrested twice for the offense, but refused to desist. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution, in all $144.77.

Arthur Ashbury, an unfortunate colored youth from Pittsburg, came to Kane with a circus a few weeks ago. His wardrobe was not very extensive, so he endeavored to beg some clothes. He was unsuccessful and entered a house to help himself and was captured. He pleaded guilty to a charge of breaking in and entering the house and was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution and serve 1 year and 6 months in the penitentiary.

Albert Rogerson of Smethport entered a plea of guilty to a charge of the larceny of a watch and a sum of money. Owing to the fact that the defendant has a wife and child the Court was lenient, the sentence being $50 fine, costs of prosecution and nine months in the county jail.

Arthur Smith of Kane was indicted for sodomy, but on account of a defect in the indictment the instrument failed to cover the offense charged. The defendant, however, pleaded guilty to the second count of assault and battery. The Court meted out to him a sentence of $600 fine, costs of prosecution and one year's imprisonment in the county jail.

Wm. Fox of Bradford entered a plea of guilty to a charge of the larceny of a watch, shotgun, revolver, a pair of trousers and a shirt. He had recently returned from Allegany where he served time for burglary. His sentence was a fine of $100, costs of prosecution and two years in the penitentiary.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Frank White, indicted for assault and battery, the defendant failed to appear and the recognizance was declared forfeited.

E. W. Story, alias Eugene Hall, of Bradford pleaded guilty to a charge of aggravated assault upon the person of William McKay, bartender at the Bay State Hotel. The young man, 19 years of age, had been drinking and was ejected from the hotel, but soon returned with a knife and made a murderous assault upon McKay, inflicting a dangerous wound in the neck. Story is the same youth whom it is alleged threw the stone against the Masten house, provoking the shooting of young Wagoner by Elmer Graham. The sentence in the present case was that the defendant pay a fine of $100, costs of prosecution, and serve one year and nine months at separate or solitary confinement at hard labor in the Western penitentiary.

George Reynolds, a 17-year-old boy of Kane, pleaded guilty to the larceny of a bicycle. Owing to the youth of the defendant, sentence was suspended, the boy furnishing bail for his good behavior and appearance at next term.

In re estate of Harrison Schaulis, deceased, late of Washington county, a sale of the estate of John A. and Lee Schaulis has been made to Mrs. Sarah McKeown for the sum of $25,000.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Estella Green, assault and battery, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and the costs were divided between the defendant and prosecutrix, Mrs. Ellwood of Ormsby. The defendant is a 12-year-old colored girl and the prosecutrix a woman weighing nearly 150 pounds.

Grace Bigler of Bradford was convicted of assault and battery on Alice Johnson and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs. She failed to pay and was remanded to jail.

George Caufield pleaded guilty to a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses and received a sentence of $50 fine, costs of prosecution and six months in the county jail.

Joseph Rogers, charged with stealing brass in Bradford, was acquitted and set at liberty.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Van Weaver, the defendant pleaded guilty to a charge of violating the innkeepers' act. Court suspended sentence upon the defendant agreeing to pay the hotel bill and costs of prosecution. He gave bail for his appearance at the next term of court.

The grand jury finished their duties and were discharged yesterday noon.

A few surety of the peace cases are being heard to-day.

Many Masonic Visitors.

Last night McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., was visited by many brother Masons from several of our adjoining towns, large delegations coming from Bolivar, N. Y., and Mt. Jewett. There were over 90 in all and of this number Bolivar contributed 62 and Mt. Jewett 13, the others being from various lodges in this section. Over 40 members of this lodge turned out to meet the visitors and when all were gathered in the Masonic hall the rooms were taxed to their utmost capacity. The second and third degrees of Masonry were worked in full ceremonial and the visitors were highly pleased with the way the work was done by this lodge.

At the adjournment of the secret meeting the local members and their guests repaired to the I. O. O. F. building where the members of the Eastern Star had prepared an excellent lunch for all. Covers were laid for 188 Masons and all did ample justice in supplying the wants of the inner man, and during the repast the Smethport Lyceum Orchestra rendered many pleasing selections, which added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

When all had satisfied their appetites a social session was held in the hall adjoining the dining room at which time many short speeches were made and stories were told, all relative to the fraternity. Time passed rapidly and it was 1:30 before the visitors left for their homes. This was the largest Masonic gathering ever held in Smethport and we feel safe in saying that everyone was well satisfied with their entertainment; for as the special trains pulled away from the stations rousing cheers were given the Smethport brethren.

C. L. S. C. Entertained.

Mrs. D. L. Forsythe entertained the Chautauqua Circle on Tuesday evening, the occasion being the last regular meeting for the year. Guests of the evening were former members of the Circle, also Miss Lucile Hinman, Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson, Prof. and Mrs. J. E. Myers, Mrs. Rubin and Miss Tretton. The following program was carried out in a creditable manner:

Parody, History of Circle, Mrs. Hogarth.
Reply, Prophecy, Miss Mabel Day.
Address, Dr. Patterson.
Advice, Mr. Mayo.
Recitation, Miss Hinman.
Retrospective and Prospective, President Helen S. Morrison.
Refreshments.

Souvenirs were presented by the program committee, Miss Day, Mrs. F. W. Brownell and Mrs. M. E. Richmond. A literary game concluded the entertainment. The retiring president was presented with a bouquet by the incoming president, Mrs. Brownell.

War News.

News from war headquarters is not very brisk this week when the rumors are cut out and cold facts given. This morning's dispatches say that the cables are not working and no news can be had from Port Arthur which is an indication that a lively battle is on there.

During the past week the loss of a Russian gunboat and a Japanese merchant vessel have been reported and the news is confirmed.

A dispatch from Liao Yong says the Russians have taken some points of vantage in the vicinity of Vafangow and that in the recent fighting the Japanese losses are estimated at 320 killed and wounded. The Russian losses are not given.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

TWELVE KILLED, SEVEN INJURED

By Explosion of Infernal Machine at Independence, Col.

A DASTARDLY PLOT CARRIED OUT.

Non-Union Men the Victims—Reign of Terror in Colorado Over Labor Troubles.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., June 6.—Twelve men were killed and seven wounded to-day by the explosion of an infernal machine at the railroad station in Independence. Eleven men were killed outright, being blown to peices, and one died later from his wounds. All the killed and injured, with the exception of two men from the Deadwood mine, were non-union miners employed on the night shift of the Finley mine.

The infernal machine with which the murder was committed consisted of a quanity of dynamite, probably 300 pounds, a loaded revolver and a long, fine steel wire attached to the trigger. The revolver was fastened so that the pulling of the trigger would not draw it away. The wire ran from under the station platform to the cribbing of the Delmonico property, about 100 feet away where its end was fastened to a rung of a chair. The dynamite was placed close to the muzzle of the revolver, which was discharged by pulling the wire. The ball from the revolver and the resultant concussion exploded the dynamite.

A man was seen running down the hill from the Delmonico property after the explosion. The Victor troops, who were ordered out by Mayor French, were so stationed as to keep people from passing over the path taken by this man and bloodhounds were sent from Canyon City and Trinidad to trail the assassin.

VICTOR, Colo., June 6.—Deadly rioting broke out in Victor this afternoon while a mass meeting was holding to discuss the murder of 12 non-union miners by means of an infernal machine at Independence. Forty shots were fired into a crowd in the street. R. McGee of Victor, was shot dead and at least six persons were injured. R. McGee of Victor, who was instantly killed, had been standing on an embankment 30 feet above the men who had been fighting, and was an innocent spectator.

DENVER, June 6.—A reign of terror brought on by a dynamiting plot, followed by rioting and an assault on the militia, exists in the Cripple Creek mining region to-night. Armed men throng the streets and conflicts are of hourly occurrence. Militiamen are marching hither and thither, making arrests by wholesale. A number of union miners have been placed in the military "bullpen," and others are gathered in at frequent intervals. City and county officers have been compelled to resign, because of their reputed sympathy with lawbreakers. As near as can be estimated to-night, 22 are dead and a score are injured as a result of the events leading up to the lawless conditions that now prevail.

VICTOR, Colo., June 8.—A pitched battle between the military and union miners was fought at Dunnville, the new mining camp 13 miles out of Victor, shortly after 3 o'clock this afternoon. John Carley, a union miner, was killed. The troops returned to Victor at 8 o'clock to-night, bringing with them 14 captives.

Girl Mysteriously Shot.

Saturday's Bradford Era says: Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Beulah Nelson, the 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Nelson, was the victim of a peculiar shooting accident. With playmates she was in the vicinity of Amm place, near the bank of the creek. A report of a gun was heard and simultaneously the girl cried out in pain. She had been shot in her left leg just above the ankle.

The girl was taken to the home of her parents, No. 38 Miller street, and Dr. Johnston was summoned. The bullet was probed for and located in the large bone of the limb, where it had lodged after passing through and shattering the smaller bone. The injury was found to be a very serious one.

The police were notified and investigated the shooting. It was learned by them that a party of boys were playing in the vicinity and it was suspected that one of these lads was the person who did the shooting. They all denied that they had had a weapon and none was found in their possession. The lads were much frightened, but persisted in their denials. The girl had no idea as to the identity of the shooter.

It is a most distressing affair and calls attention to the danger incurred by the practice which some boys have of using firearms for playthings.

For Sale Cheap.

About six thousand feet of hemlock lumber. Inquire of C. H. Gleason.

Red Men Entertain.

Monday evening our quiet hamlet was attacked by Indians. They had garhered from the tribes of adjacent valleys and just at dusk they made a raid on our town. Our braves had been warned of the intended attack and had donned their war paint and were prepared for the attack—having amply supplied with provision to withstand a hard siege.

Runners, who had been sent out, returned at sun down, bearing the news that only friendly tribes could be sighted and, instead of being met in deadly conflict with shaft and bow, the braves from Canoe Place and Crosby were met by the warriors of Mackanee Tribe with the right hand of fellowship extended and the "pipe of peace" filled and lighted. The braves from Canoe Place numbered 45 and those from Crosby 10.

After the dusky braves had removed the dust and refreshed themselves they marched to the big wigwam of Mackanee Tribe where the meeting was called and the secret degrees of the order were exemplified in a most pleasing and creditable manner by the degree team of Port Allegany which, we understand, has quite a reputation for doing this work well.

At the conclusion of the work in the lodge room the guests were invited to the large dining hall where an elegant spread had been prepared by the squawmen of the local tribe. The repast was most excellently prepared and the large assemblage did ample justice to it. The jolly crowd gathered around the festive board were favored with many short speeches and stories and it was at an early hour in the morning when the visiting braves took their ponies from the corrall and struck the trails to their respective wigwams, all heartily pleased with the peace feast.

P., S. & N. Excursion.

The P., S. & N. R. R. will run a low-rate excursion from all stations on its lines to Stony Brook Glen, next Sunday, June 12. This will be the first opportunity the people located on the Shawmut line south of Angelica will have to view this wonderful work of nature.

Read what a noted naturalist and author has to say of this beautiful glen: "This is an ideal place to admire and study the marvelous handiwork of nature in never ending beauty. Picturesque dells, beautiful vales, silvery streams and frowning chasms, beneath skies of ethereal view, lend enchantment and interest to all so fortunate as to visit this charming spot."

The picnic facilities at this beautiful glen are unsurpassed, while sumptuous refreshments, served in elaborate style at a nominal cost, can be procured from experienced caterers.

Do not miss it, as this opportunity of a life time to enjoy such an ideal outing at a low price may never be enjoyed again.

Special train leaves Smethport at 8:42 a. m., arriving at Stony Brook Glen at 12:20 p. m. Fare for round trip, $1.00. Return train leaves Stony Brook Glen at 5:00 p. m.

John Robinson's Circus.

John Robinson's ten big shows combined will exhibit at Port Allegany June 16. Indications are that a large crowd will attend from here. Very low excursion rates will be in effect on all railroads. A recent press dispatch speaks of the big show as follows:

"There is certainly no traveling exhibition in America, perhaps in the world, which presents entertainment so varied, so attractive and so multitudinous as do John Robison's Ten Combined Great Shows. Since the days of Noah, a more complete menagerie has never been seen. Poetical and enchanting scenes never before equaled are witnessed in the sublime biblical spectacle of Solomon, his Temple and the Queen of Sheba.

Every act in the monster programme is a revelation to the people. The finest specimens of horseflesh in the world, the highest priced aerialists in the circus profession, all the champion riders, both male and female. The finest specimens of the cutest ponies in the world. The grandest specialties ever produced. The funniest clowns on earth are with the Robinson Shows. At Port Allegany, June 16.

Child Poisoned.

The four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Lunger lies dead at the family home in Kushequa, as a result of eating a portion of a tablet, supposed to have contained strychnine, which had been left in reach of the child.

Little is known of the circumstances beyond the fact that an older child had discovered the little one eating a portion of a tablet about 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, and that it was shortly after taken with convulsions. A physician was called, but notwithstanding his best efforts, the child died at 9:30.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

These are Fly Times.

Keep out the pesky things. We have screen doors and windows, all kinds, and sizes. We make screen doors and windows any size to your order.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Tom Matthews' Decision

By CYRUS DERICKSON

Copyright, 1903, by E. M. Whitehead

His name was Thomas Matthews, but everybody around the store called him Tom. He had come to the business of Haines & Co. when a boy ten years old, and in fourteen years he had gained the position of bookkeeper and cashier. At every stage he had been complimented on his honesty and fidelity, and the day he took charge of the books and the cash Harris, the active partner, said to one of the "Co."

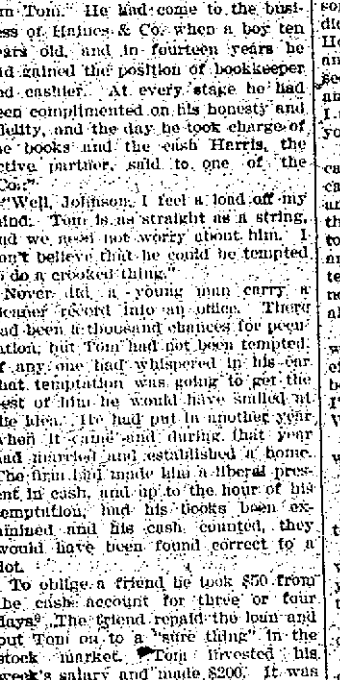
"Well, Johnson, I feel a load off my mind. Tom is as straight as a string, and we need not worry about him. I don't believe that he could be tempted to do a crooked thing."

Never did a young man carry a clearer record into an office. There had been a thousand chances for peculation, but Tom had not been tempted. If any one had whispered in his ear that temptation was going to get the best of him he would have smiled at the idea. He had put in another year when it came and during that year had married and established a home. The firm had made him a liberal present in cash, and up to the hour of his temptation, had his books been examined and his cash counted, they would have been found correct to a dot.

To oblige a friend he took $50 from the cash account for three or four days. The friend repaid the loan and put Tom on to a "sure thing" in the stock market. Tom invested his week's salary and made $200. It was his first speculation, and the thing seemed so easy that he gave it a whirl a month later and came out several hundred dollars to the good.

The man who wants to speculate can run across "sure things" every hour in the day. Tom had known of scores of men in trusted positions going wrong through speculation, but his name should never be added to the list. He would make or lose with his own money, and not a penny belonging to Haines & Co. should be put in peril.

That was the policy he pursued for six months, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing, but, of course, there



"WHAT AM I TO DO?" WAILED TOM.

came a day when the market was upset, and a friend advised in the strictest side of it and had to "borrow" from the firm to make good his margins. Such a step is always called "borrowing," and the man who takes it always feels himself thoroughly honest. The market continued to drop, and in four or five days Tom was closed out and owed the firm $900 besides. He could have raised that through friends and squared things up, but he had lost by the market and he meant to make good by the market.

There must be cashiers who borrow the firm's money and are lucky enough to return it, or it would never bear of them. It is of those who waddle to turn it if they could, but find it impossible, that are held up to public gaze and sent to prison. Tom's friend had $500 ahead of it before Tom had got stocks. That was a larger sum than he could raise outside. The end of the year was drawing near, and if the books were overhauled he must surely be branded as an embezzler. He had covered the shortage in a way, but an expert would uncover it in half an hour.

The trusted cashier who goes wrong has a choice to make. He can face the music and take his punishment or he can flee the country or commit suicide. He puts off his decision to the very last hour, hoping he knows not what, but the hour comes at last when he must make it. That hour came to Tom Matthews, and he remained behind in the office to decide what step he should take. He fully realized that he must choose between the three evils, but the hours went by and he could not make up his mind. He should have left the store at 6 o'clock—but he was still there at 9 and at 9 was yet undecided. As he sat with his face in his hands and the office only dimly illuminated by a single gas-jet something touched him on the arm and he lifted his head to find a stranger standing beside him.

"You must excuse me for calling so late," observed the man, "but the fact is I had some difficulty in getting into the store."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked Tom, more puzzled than startled.

"Oh, as to my name, you can pick out any old thing, but as to what I want, I dropped in to do a little business with you."

"But the store is closed."

"Yes, I know, and that's my best time for doing business. Don't you savvy?"

"You don't mean that you are a burglar or a robber?" queried Tom, after looking the man over for a moment and wondering if it was a real live man who stood before him.

"That's pretty close to it," laughed the man as he sat down on the nearest chair and brought out a cigar and lighted it. When he had taken a few puffs he resumed:

"I've had my eye on this plant for some time, and when I got in tonight I didn't expect to have your company. How does it come that you are here, and what's the matter that you look so seedy? I'd been spying on you for half an hour before I entered the office, and I think you've got a peck of trouble on your mind. Let's hear what it is."

It was a strange situation, but the cashier was in a strange mood. The caller had said that he was a burglar and had come with designs, but yet there was a touch of sympathy in his tones. Tom hesitated for a moment and then told him all. The man listened, nodding or shaking his head now and then, and when he had heard all he said:

"Look here, my boy, there's only one way in this thing. You've got to be either all good or all bad. You can't be half and half and make a go of it. I'm all bad, and I get along very well. What are you going to do?"

"For God's sake, what am I to do?" wailed Tom.

"Want to turn bad?"

"No."

"Is there money enough in the safe to take you out of the country?"

"There's about $800 in there, but I wouldn't touch a penny of it. I've yielded to temptation, but I'm no thief."

"And if you were given a chance?" queried the burglar after awhile.

"A chance! Why, man, I'd live on crusts before I'd put myself in this position again. Think of my fourteen years' record! Think of my wife and relatives!"

"Yes. The game wasn't worth the candle. Suppose you give me your home address."

"What for?" as he wrote it down.

"Just to know where you live. Suppose that we also go out now."

"Yes, but—but—"

"Just to get out, you know. I'd like that $800 in the safe, but to get it I'd have to crack you on the head and add to your troubles. If I were you I'd go home and manage to keep this thing to myself for a day or two longer. Come, let's walk out together. Your way is up the street, and mine is down. So long to you."

Before Tom left his house next morning a messenger brought a package containing $1,500 addressed to him. An hour after the package had been delivered the senior partner of the firm was saying to the burglar of the night before:

"Well, I'm glad he took it that way, and he shall have his chance. Tom's honest, and we have got to have honest men about us. I don't think he'll meddle with stocks again, and on Thursday when his books are overhauled they will be found all O. K. All right, Simpson; all right. You worked it beautifully."

Weather Instincts.

From olden times weather wisdom has been attributed to many animals. Thus in Virgil's First Georgic we find:

Looking to the sky
A heifer snuffed the air with nostrils wide,
Or chattering swallows flew around the lake,
Or the frogs croaked in mud their ancient plaint.
The sea-mew screamed to call her young, and home
An airy band of rooks, with clamor hoarse,
Their crowded pinions plied.
Then, too, the unlucky owl with a full voice
Calls for the shower.

This for the most part is in singular accord with modern observation. Among other popularly accepted indications of rain are pigs that are restless, or carry straws, cats that wash their faces, colts that roll upon the grass, donkeys that bray, toads that crawl or creep, sheep and cattle that huddle together before a storm, black slugs that venture into the open, bees that stay at home, fish that play readily and peacocks that scream.—London Standard.

Stopped a Leak With Sawdust.

To stop the leakage of a boat by the use of sawdust appears at the first suggestion ridiculous. It is a method, however, employed by backwoodsmen of the Adirondack region.

One day a party having considerable baggage discovered upon loading it into a scow at the end of one of the regular "carries" that the boat leaked badly. To delay for repairs would occasion considerable annoyance, and without repairs to proceed seemed impossible.

At this juncture one of the guides said: "I think I can fix it. Just unload the boat again." This was done, and then the guide brought from a sawmill near the spot a quantity of sawdust. This he sprinkled thickly upon the water on either side of the boat.

"Now," continued he, "load up again." This was done, and when the weight again sank the boat the influx of water through the sides and bottom sucked in the sawdust, which finally accumulated in the crevices, swelled under the action of the water and actually stopped the leakage.

Origin of the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army had its origin in the town of Whitby, in the rough coal mining district of Yorkshire, where General Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble mission work. England was then in arms, expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so he prepared one forthwith, sprinkled it plentifully with hallelujahs and posted 2,000 copies of it about town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was a "redhot, rousing meeting," to quote General Booth, "the penitent fell down in heaps," and the Salvation Army sprang into life full grown.

COWBOYS AS FIREMEN

THE WAY THEY BATTLE WITH FLAMES ON THE PRAIRIES.

Horses and Men Plunge Through the Line of Fire to Their Stations—Cattle Must Be Sacrificed to Save Other Cattle and the Grass.

The "firemen of the plains" work with a system, each man knowing what is expected of him and bravely executing it like firemen of the city. Cowboys are the "fire fighters of the plains," and burning grass is the material consumed.

We will take, for illustration, the great Espuela or "spur" ranch in the lower Panhandle country of northwest Texas and go back a number of years, when destructive fires were more frequent than they are now. Hundreds of cowboys were employed on that ranch, living in camps widely separated, covering the unsettled counties of Dickens, Crosby, Garza and Kent.

Great and very destructive prairie fires often occurred, and systematic plans were adopted to fight successfully the devouring element, which not only involved a great loss of grass, but of stock also. One of the most successful plans was the following: It was understood among the men at the various camps that when smoke was discovered ascending from the prairie each and every cowboy must saddle his horse and gallop away toward the fire straight out in a line from his camp.

This had to be done at night also, the fire then being detected by its light, and the boys would come from every direction, striking the line of fire at many different points almost at the same time. If the fire had spread much, the men from the different camps would sometimes be many miles from each other, those from the same station going in a squad together.

If it was at night the scene would be one of wild and weird grandeur—the great line of fire, the galloping horses as the cowboys approached it, some from camps on opposite sides, their forms and those of their horses standing in relief in the bright glare of the burning grass. Herds of bellowing, frightened, stampeding cattle made the scene more terrible and exciting as they ran before the pursuing, crackling, roaring flames. Above the din could be heard loud shouts of command from leaders of the assembling men.

The men were not standing still on their horses. The fire was travelling, and they were going with it until ready to begin their attack. Cattle must be sacrificed to save cattle. As soon as an animal fell four cowboys dismounted, and sharp knives and hatchets were at work, and in less time than it takes to tell the slain animal was cut in twain. The halves were split so as to lay flat upon the ground, and to each hoof the end of a rope was fastened, the other end being around the pommel of a cowboy's saddle. They dashed away to the line of fire, dragging the severed parts after them.

When the cowboys reached this, two men would cross, plunge through the blaze. Tom tried it, but his horse wheeled and turned away from the blaze, snorting loudly and in terror.

"Give me your end of the rope, Tom," one of the other men said. "I can go over. Black Duncan will face it." And with a great plunge he cleared the ring of fire.

One of the other two also crossed, but without a moment's halt and with scorched faces they wheeled their horses and ran parallel with the fire, dragging the bloody half of the beef over it, smothering the fire out as fast as their horses could run and drag the weight. One man was then on one side of the fire and the other on the opposite, each with his rope to the foot of a beef, straddling the blaze and beating out the greater part of it.

They wore slick duck jackets and leggings, upon which the fire could not easily take hold. It was hot work, however. They could get only the length of their ropes from the fire, the two men with the other half of the beef were going in the opposite direction, taking the other end of the line of fire. Suppose the fire was traveling south and the line extending east and west, two dragged east and two west, fast receding from each other and every moment widening the black streak which marked the trail of the smothered flames.

While these four men were getting ready to do this work other cowboys were sitting on their horses near by, their faces lit up by the burning grass, and cheering their companions who were crossing the fire line to fight the main battle.

Those, however, who were idle had their work to do. Each held a rolled slicker in his right hand, and when the breach was made in the fire line they divided their forces and followed the boys who were sweeping the flames in order to extinguish effectually any which might be left.

Before the plan described was put in practice wagons loaded with water and tow sacks were run to a fire, and the boys had to dismount and fight the flames with wet sacks. They were supplied with these by men galloping back and forth between the wagon and fire fighters. The dry, hot sacks were carried back as fast as wet ones were furnished.

The other plan was the best, being more rapid and efficient. Horses would get crippled and men burned at times, especially when the wind was high, those on the windward side being most exposed. Some have been known to stay in their saddles during a long run until the skin would peel from the side of the face that was next to the line of fire.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Record.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

The Norseman's Nastrond.

The Norseman's hades is as unlike the orthodox place of punishment as it is possible for one to imagine. This place of torment for the reprobate sons of the north is called nastrond and is situated far toward the frigid north and is directly under niflheim, the Scandinavian mythologist's purgatory. A description of nastrond as it appears in the "Prose Edda" (written in Iceland in the thirteenth century) is as follows:

"In nastrond there is a vast and direful structure with doors that face the north. This building is formed entirely of the backs and scales of serpents, wattled together like wickerwork, but the heads of the serpents themselves are turned toward the inside of the hall, and they continually vomit forth floods of venom, in which must wade throughout eternity all those who commit murder or swear to lies." Another description of nastrond is similar to this, but adds that the evildoers are occasionally bitten by the great dragon Nidhogg.

Incontestable Proof.

Insurance Agent — What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam? The Widow—Well, he has been home for the last three nights. Smart Set.

Might Improve in Time.

Fond Mother—Are you not somewhat astonished at my daughter's singing, Professor—I certainly am. But then she is young yet.—Illustrated Bits.

Putting Money in Clothes.

Howell—Do you think it pays to put much money into clothes? Powell—Not if you have a wife to go through them.—Exchange.

C. A. BURDICK
—DEALER IN—
Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.
C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

KIDNEY DISEASE CURED
By the Wonderful New Medicine, Cal-cura Solvent.
Write for a Small Free Bottle.
Utica, N. Y., March 10, 1902.
My Dear Sirs:
I received a sample bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, a few months ago. I was greatly pleased with it, and decided to try a large bottle.
I therefore purchased three bottles of Mr. Sheehan, and I am pleased to inform you that I have been greatly benefited by it and consider myself cured. If my kidney trouble ever asserts itself again (and I am sure it will not) I will not hesitate to continue the use of this grand medicine.
I wish you would send some samples to the parties on the enclosed list, all friends of mine, who are suffering from kidney trouble. I do not wish you to use my name publicly.
Yours very truly, ———
Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles $1.00 (only one size) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45 000.00
AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.
ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
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UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Housekeepers, Attention!
We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.
We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.
It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.
1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.
Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.
Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.
L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

$50,000.00
Cash Given Away to Users of
LION COFFEE
We are going to be more liberal than ever in 1904 to users of *Lion Coffee*. Not only will the Lion-Heads, cut from the packages, be good, as heretofore, for the valuable premiums we have always given our customers, but
In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums
the same Lion-Heads will entitle you to estimates in our *$50,000.00 Grand Prize Contests*, which will make some of our patrons rich men and women. You can send in as many estimates as desired. There will be
TWO GREAT CONTESTS
The first contest will be on the July 4th attendance at the *St. Louis World's Fair*; the second relates to *Total Vote For President* to be cast Nov. 8, 1904. *$20,000.00* will be distributed in each of these contests, making *$40,000.00* on the two, and, to make it still more interesting, in addition to this amount, we will give a
Grand First Prize of $5,000.00
to the one who is *nearest correct on both contests*, and thus your estimates have two opportunities of winning a big cash prize.
Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2 cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote in either contest:

Printed blanks to vote on found in every Lion Coffee Package. The 2 cent stamp covers the expense of our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded.
WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST
What will be the total July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? At Chicago, July 4, 1893, the attendance was 283,273. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before June 30th, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize	$2,500.00
1	Second Prize	1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00 each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00 "	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00 "	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00 "	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00 "	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00 "	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00 "	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES, TOTAL,	$20,000.00

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE CONTEST
What will be the total Popular Vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904? In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s office, Toledo, O., on or before Nov. 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize	$2,500.00
1	Second Prize	1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00 each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00 "	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00 "	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00 "	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00 "	2,500.00
250	Prizes— 10.00 "	9,000.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00 "	
2139	PRIZES, TOTAL,	$20,000.00

4279—PRIZES—4279
Distributed to the Public—aggregating $45,000.00—in addition to which we shall give $5,000 to Grocers' Clerks (see particulars in LION COFFEE cases) making a grand total of $50,000.00.
COMPLETE DETAILED PARTICULARS IN EVERY PACKAGE OF
LION COFFEE
WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEP'T.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE

I am now better prepared than ever to supply the wants of all needing anything in General Hardware. Have a new and complete stock of seasonable goods, such as Refrigerators, Shepard's Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Wheeler's Self-Fitting Adjustable Window Screens, Screen Cloth, Poultry Netting, Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Dairy Supplies, Hunt's 1904 Cream Separators, Gas Ranges, Hot Plates and Ovens, Paints, Brushes, Oils and Varnishes, Crockery and Glassware, Spalding's Official Base Ball and Athletic Goods.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

To Make a Bride

Many a woman would make a beautiful bride but she is deterred from entering the married state because of ill-health.

$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"If women would study the laws of health and use a little more common sense there would not be such a large number to-day suffering with the ills peculiar to our sex," writes Mrs. Sallie Martins (President Mutual Social Science Club), of 150 South Halstead Street, Chicago, Ill. "Then when medicine is needed if they would take the 'Favorite Prescription,' they would have a chance to get well. I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three years ago and it cured me of female weakness of several years' standing, so I know what I am talking about when I praise it and always know what the result will be where it is used."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 9, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Herod have a new advertisement.

—Now is the best time in the world pay your subscription.

—The new advertisement of the Webster Co. this week is interesting.

—The Kane Window Glass Co. is going to enlarge its plant to a 60-pot capacity this summer.

—Wm. Monheimer, the clothier and furnisher, has an enlarged advertisement in this issue.

—Dora Peno, aged about 13 years, committed suicide by shooting herself in Potter county last week.

—A beautiful girl is one who is pretty and doesn't know it, says an exchange. But such things are so rare, one seldom sees 'em.

—The Lindolm Co. is advertising a fine wash goods sale in their space this week which will be interesting to our readers of the gentler sex.

—The question of building a standard gauge railroad between Kane and Mt. Jewett is again being agitated and we hope that this time it will be a go.

—In a murder case recently tried in Cameron county the costs were only $131. It is is perhaps one of the cheapest murder cases ever tried in this State.

—Prof. Wilson, who has been the principal of the Eldred schools for some time, has been selected to act in the same capacity in the Port Allegany schools.

—The excursion over the P., S. & N. R. last Sunday from Hornellsville to St. Marys was well patronized, seven such loads passing through this place. Smethport also contributed its quota and all report a very pleasant time.

—The Austin Autograph laments the fact that Decoration Day—as in previous years—was not observed in Austin. It is strange that a progressive town like Austin should neglect to properly observe the day when most patriotic cities and towns pay tribute to our honored and heroic dead.

—Children's Day will be observed next Sunday at the Methodist church. In the morning the pastor will give some Messages from Flowers." The choir will sing. Baptism will be administered to infants at the opening of the service. "Heirs of To-morrow," is the title of the service to be given by the Sunday school in the evening.

—People who will persist in catching trout under size are meeting with their reward nearly every day. Last week it cost nine Tioga county fellows one hundred dollars each—a Cross Fork fellow 300 days in jail, and a Driftwood man $40. Game Wardens are beginning to do business, and the person that tries to sneak a few small trout home is liable to find expensive earing.—Austin Autograph.

—A St. Louis despatch of June 2d says: "A house of two rooms, one stood up for an office, with desk, table, chairs, etc., all carved out of one solid log, is one of the freak features of the Washington State exhibit at the world's fair. The other compartment is hollowed out into an animal cage and contains a live mountain lion and black bear. The log is so large that the rooms hollowed out of its interior are seven feet to the ceiling, seven feet wide and thirty-six feet long."

Seeing Distances.

About 200 miles in every direction is the distance a man can see when standing on a clear day on the peak of the highest mountain—say of a height of 29,002 feet, or a little over five miles above the level of the sea. An observer must be at a height of 3,867 feet above sea level to see objects at a distance of 100 miles. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and one-half times the height of the observer in feet above sea level. Some allowance has to be made for the effect of atmospheric refraction, but as the refraction varies at different heights and is affected by the various states of the weather, no precisely accurate figures for general purposes can be given. Probably from one-fourteenth to one-tenth of the distance given by the formula would have to be deducted, owing to the refraction of the atmosphere.

Dutch Noses.

A study of Jan Steen's pictures of Dutch home life some 200 years ago proves to conviction that in his day the noses of his country folk were quite as fantastic as they are now. Without their pendulous, heavy, mirth inspiring organs of smell, the artist's tipsy fiddlers and peasants, quack doctors and housewives would not make one smile half as much as they do. It is well that the average Dutchman is a good natured fellow. No matter whether his amiability be due to his phlegmatic temperament or to the reasoned discipline in his soul, the result is the same to the outer world. If he were naturally disposed to be a prey to his passions, there would be something horribly discordant in the broad comedy of his face.—Chambers' Journal.

Loneliness.

What is loneliness? You may find it anywhere, perhaps most forcefully when you are among thousands of other people. There may come a feeling of being apart, of a solitary state while you walk about and jostle a teeming population. You may be genuinely lonely among people whom you know quite well, and it is not to be supposed that this means any lack of feeling on the part of any one, for there come times when the thoughts of one cannot place themselves in harmony with those of others. The lowest creature as well as the highest in all the world may feel himself out of gear with others, and especially is this true of the average, everyday sort of people, who often experience a sort of aching void of companionship. It happens just occasionally that way.

It is only an affected person who always complains that "nobody understands" him. This man or woman may join with the great majority in so far that some of his actions are misconstrued. Who is there that has not had that experience, with all its bitterness? But, as a matter of fact, it is comparatively seldom that we are not pretty well understood by our close associates.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

The Original Language.

According to the Bible, one language was spoken by all races until the "confusion of tongues." Following Biblical tradition this language must have been Hebrew, assumed also to have been the language of Adam and Eve. Another theory had it that Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldee were dialects of the original tongue. The Persians claim that there were three primitive languages, Arabic, the tongue used by Satan in addressing Eve; Persian, the language spoken by Adam and Eve, and Turkish, the speech used by the archangel when he drove them out of paradise. This would leave Persian as the tongue of primitive humanity. In olden days many ingenious attempts were made to settle the question by excluding children from all human intercourse and observing the result in the means of communication growing up between them. Science has no answer to give.—New York Mail.

The Cat's Cleanliness.

The most fastidious mammals in matters of the toilet are to be found among the members of the cat family, as all must have noticed in domestic rabbits. The rough tongue makes an excellent brush, while the sharp claws are on occasion employed by way of combs, all these invaluable aids to cleanliness and smartness possessing the further advantage of always being at hand when required.

A healthy cat is not only clean, but fastidious, not to say vain, about her (or his) personal appearance and moral degeneration in pussy is accompanied by neglect of personal grooming. That the dog is as dirty as a boy must reluctantly be confessed. He was the first animal to be domesticated, and long association with man has perhaps had to do with his carelessness in the matter.

Crown of an Irish King.

One of the most highly prized relics in the British museum, that great storehouse of wonders and curiosities, both natural and artificial, is the crown formerly used by the Irish kings in the coronation exercises which made them monarchs of the Emerald Isle. Strictly speaking, there were two of these Irish crowns, the one in question being that used by the MacMurroughs, a family who were anciently kings of Leinster. This regal relic, all that remains of the old Irish monarchy, is a plain gold band, rising to a kind of peak or point in front. It dates back to the middle of the tenth century.

An Exquisite Bible.

The most beautiful volume in the Congressional library at Washington is a Bible which was translated on parchment by a monk in the sixteenth century. The general lettering is in the German text, each letter is perfect, and there is not a scratch or blot from lid to lid. Each chapter begins with a large illuminated letter, in which is drawn the figure of a saint, some incident in whose life the chapter tells. The book is in a perfect state of preservation.

An Ungrateful Teacher.

Little Boy—They won't ever get me to give another 10 cents toward a present of a book for the teacher. Mother—What went wrong? Little Boy—We got the principal to select one for her, and he picked out one that was jus' crowded full of information, and she's been teachin' it to us ever since.

Two Cows.

A Kansas man has a cow who chewed off a rooster's tail, and the next day when he milked her she gave a gallon and a half of the finest kind of cocktail. We had a cow ourselves once who swallowed an almanac and gave creamed dates.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Inconsistent.

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the young wife. "It was nearly midnight before you got home last night!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the husband. "You women are so inconsistent. Before we were married you didn't care how late I got home."—Sioux Falls Press.

An Improvement.

Mrs. Winks—So you have taken another companion for better or worse, eh? Mrs. Second Trip—One for better, my dear. He can't possibly be worse than the other one was.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian Proverb.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Heat, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zing's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZING MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. E. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

IN THE NEW STORE NOW

The W. Hengerer Co.

Main Street, between Court & Mohawk.

June White Days.

Second week of the strikingly successful June White Days Sale. Plentiful bargains for everybody—in town or out of town. Mail orders taken care of quickly by our splendidly equipped Mail Order Department.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Extra size Cambric Drawers—hemstitched and with a cluster of spaced tucks 50c

Extra size Nainsook Umbrella Drawers—with hemstitched tucks 75c

Extra size Cambric Gowns—with Y-yoke of hemstitched tucks, neck and sleeves have hemstitched lawn ruffle 85c

Extra size Nainsook Gowns—chemise style, circular neck, trimmed front and back with heat ribbon-drawn embroidery $1.50

Extra size Umbrella Cambric Skirts—ruffle inserted and edged with Torchon lace over dust ruffle $1.75

Fine Muslin and Cambric Drawers—with yoke bands, cambric flounce and hemstitched hem or lace edge 25c

Women's Umbrella Cambric Drawers—with cluster of fine tucks and neatly-patterned embroidery 50c

Women's Nainsook Umbrella Drawers, with cluster of tucks, inserted and edged with fish-eye lace $1.00

Women's Nainsook Automobile Drawers, with lawn ruffle of beautiful lace $1.50

Umbrella style Walking Skirts, ruffle trimmed with two large clusters of pin tucks 75c

Fine Cambric Skirts—with umbrella ruffle, trimmed with pin tucking and edge of embroidery over dust ruffle 98c

Umbrella style Cambric Skirts—have lawn flounce inserted and edged with fine torchon lace and wide embroidery trimming $1.49

Fine Cambric Umbrella Skirts, trimmed with Torchon and Valenciennes laces, for $1.98

Muslin Short Skirts—cambric ruffle and hemstitched hem, at 23c

Corset Covers—high neck, fitted styles of good muslin, all sizes, from 34 to 44 inches, 6 for 25c, each 9c

Fine Cambric Short Skirts—with French band, ruffle finished with three hemstitched tucks and hems 50c

Cambric Corset Covers—fitted style, V-neck edged with embroidery, usual price 19c, for 12½c

French Blouse Cambric Corset Covers, 20 styles for this sale, including Torchon and Valenciennes insertions and edges, for 25c

French Corset Covers—inserted and edged with the newest laces, fish-eye, butterfly, grape and ball patterns, for 50c

Women's Muslin Gowns—high neck style, yoke with four insertions, embroidery and two ribbon beadings, 59c quality for 50c

Nainsook Chemise Gowns—circular neck, trimmed front and back with lace insertion and edge drawn with ribbon beading, for 85c

Nainsook Gowns—Circular neck inserted and edged with snow-drop lace, sleeves finished to match, for 98c

Square Neck Nainsook Gowns—trimmed front and back with handsome embroidery, and sleeves trimmed to match, for $1.49

A MIXED TABLE OF GOWNS AND SKIRTS—High and V-neck Gowns made of cambric and muslin, embroidery trimmed chemise gowns of Nainsook, inserted and edged with lace, also square and empire styles. Skirts of fine muslin and cambric, umbrella style, inserted and edged with torchon, Cluny, Honiton lace, and wide embroidery, your choice for 98c

Children's White Lawn French Drawers, with turn-over collar and deep hem, pleated front and back, 1 to 4-year sizes, for 50c

Infants' Cambric Slips—trimmed with embroidery lace or hemstitching, usual price 39c, for 23c

Infants' White Lawn Caps—trimmed with fine tucking, hemstitching, and Valenciennes lace, also silk caps with ruching 25c

THE WM. HENGERER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. F. H. WILLIAMS of Bradford, the Well Known Eye-Specialist

will be at the

HOTEL IMPERIAL

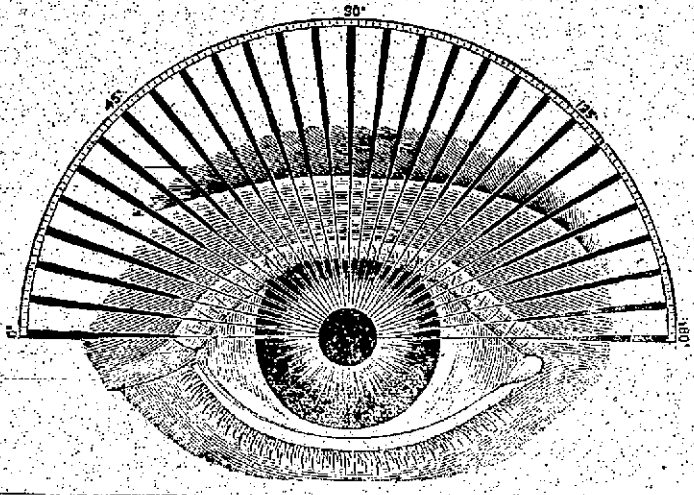
SMETHPORT, PA.

on

Monday and Tuesday June 13 and 14

to correct all difficult eyesight, strabismus, muscular defects. Headache and eystrain remedied by the use of glasses.

Embrace the opportunity while he is here to have your eyes attended to. If you are not satisfied with the glasses you are wearing, call and see him.



ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

STOP! READ and SELECT

and then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 9, 1904.

At the Prohibition State convention held at Uniontown yesterday Gen. Nelson A. Miles was endorsed for the nomination of President on that ticket.

The condition of affairs in Colorado in regard to the labor troubles is very alarming and matters seem to be continually growing worse instead of better.

At a meeting of the Union Workingmen's Association of Pittsburg last week a resolution was adopted endorsing John P. Elkin for the long term in the United States Senate to succeed the late Senator Quay. Mr. Elkin is a recognized friend of labor and this endorsement, which is the first given to any candidate, is due to this fact. Mr. Elkin is an able man and has many political friends throughout the State who would like to see him thus honored.

The report is credited in the press that Governor Pennypacker will designate a person to fill the vacancy in the representation from this state in the United States Senate, under the authority conferred by the federal constitution, disregarding the mandate of the state constitution directing the calling of an extra session of the legislature in such cases. While the people of Pennsylvania would probably be just as well satisfied to have the governor make the selection for the short session of service that an appointee would fill, the provision of the state constitution relative to the subject makes it the duty of the governor to act otherwise and the fulfillment of a public duty in the manner designated by the fundamental law is the first obligation which the chief executive bears towards the commonwealth. So far as the expense of an extra session of the legislature is concerned, it is unfortunate that such a provision was inserted in the constitution; but it is there and should be accorded the same consideration which every part of that instrument is entitled to receive.—Kane Republican.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 4, 1904.

As the time approaches for the assembling of the great nominating conventions, the political situation becomes interesting and some unexpected changes are noticed. The Cabinet Ministers who have been West and East are returning and reporting at the White House. They bring good news and are satisfied with the situation. Secretary Hitchcock is back from St. Louis; and Secretary Cortelyou has returned from a tour of inspection in and around New York. The question of who should be on the Republican ticket for Vice President will be left for the Chicago convention to determine. A Representative from Indiana, who called at the White House yesterday, informed the President that while Senator Fairbanks will not strive for the nomination, he will not decline it if it comes to him as the voluntary wish of the party. Congressman Hepburn of Iowa, also saw the President yesterday. He says that Speaker Cannon under no circumstances will consent to become Vice President. Little is now said regarding Mr. Hitt for that office.

One question which it was thought would occupy a subordinate place in the coming campaign is rapidly coming to the front owing to a variety of unexpected circumstances, and that is the Philippines. The recent decision of the Supreme Court, handed down last Monday, that not even American citizens, if they happen to reside in the Philippine Islands are entitled to a trial by jury, together with the vigorous dissent of Mr. Justice Harlan, attracts wide attention. It has long been an open political secret that the anti-imperialists will support the party which denounces imperialism and promises freedom and self-government to the Filipinos. This the Maryland Democracy, inspired by the fine hand of Senator Gorman has done. In a few days a large Philippine Commission will arrive in Washington, and be entertained at luncheon by the President, as well as by the business men of the city. No political speeches may be made, but from June 15 to 18 the Filipinos will be the guests of the New York Stock Exchange, with a big banquet at Delmonicos. The editor of the Manila Times is in Washington, to urge free trade. He thinks the people of the Islands will be glad to come into the Union as a Territory, with the privileges of citizenship. All these matters are somewhat perplexing and indicate that there must be a modification of policy. But the Republicans are always equal to the situation and will hardly stand by and allow themselves to be out bid by the opposition.

As Republicans look at the Democratic situation it appears to be full of complications and possibilities. Thus far Judge Parker has 194 delegates; 220 are instructed; Hearst has 90; while the states of Mass., Md., and Nebraska have favorite sons. The Democratic State platforms run through the whole scale, from the platitudes of New York, to the radical statements of Nebraska and Maryland. One represents the silent Parker, the other the open-mouthed Gorman and Bryan. The question is whether to put a conservative man on a radical platform, or vice versa. We give it up.

Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister, has been in New York for a few days with Prince Pu Lun. He was received with great ceremony by the New York Stock Exchange, and in a speech by its President he was assured that if the United States insists upon an open door in China, the Chinese have just as good a right to insist upon an open door in America, with the same treatment for the subjects of that Empire as we require for Americans in China. News comes from Atlantic City, that Chaochu Wu, son of the former Minister from China, took the first prize on graduation day in the high school at that place. He speaks English perfectly and is studying French, German and Latin. He will pursue his studies at the University of Pennsylvania. The boy was educated in the public schools of Washington and has many admirers in this city.

Handsome, wealthy and young, Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, who was often seen in the company of Miss Alice Roosevelt when congress was in session in this city, is happily in St. Louis at the same time of Miss Roosevelt's visit. He told the women of the Exposition city that "it is a singular thing that it is your sex and not mine that showed such an interest in Miss Roosevelt. I am sure she dislikes it very much." Of course, Mr. Longworth ought to know. To escape the snap shot fiend while in that city, Miss Roosevelt wore a heavy veil completely covering her face. Even then she was "taken", veil and all, and her picture appeared on the first page of one of the principal newspapers.

It is known that Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow has been engaged for some time in the formidable task of reorganizing the rural free delivery in order to be ready for the new arrangements provided by law which go into operation on the first of July. The number of divisions is to be reduced from eight to six; rural agents are to be employed; and the new schedule of salaries will take effect. The Department will not be able to do as much for the clerks as it intended, since for the coming fiscal year the amount appropriated for the increase of salaries is but half a million dollars while for the current year the amount was one million and two hundred thousand dollars. Of clerks employed in the postal service who receive more than $1,400 a year, of whom there are more than 600, only 58 can be promoted. Of those who receive less than $1,400 only about 30% of those who have been recommended for promotion will be made happy. And yet, the Democrats, in their state platforms, love to harp upon extravagance of the Republicans in voting away the public money.

For Good Roads.

H. G. Hunter, State Commissioner of Highways, has returned to Harrisburg, having completed an inspection of the plans and surveys made by Frank Webster of Bradford, for the proposed macadamized road in Foster township. Engineer Webster has been engaged in the work for several weeks and his plans and maps are now in the possession of the Highway Commission in Harrisburg for approval. The supervisors of Foster township, taking advantage of the recent State law relative to highway improvement, decided to macadamize the road from the Bradford city line to Gilmore, a distance of about three miles. It will cost about $20,000 to do the work and of this expenditure the State will pay two-thirds, McKean county a sixth and Foster township a sixth. The proposed improvement is known as the Telford-Macadam system, a combination of the two methods of road construction made famous by these engineers. The work will be done by contract and within a few weeks the supervisors will be in position to receive bids for the construction, which will be done under the supervision of the State officials. Mr. Hunter was in the city for several days examining the survey maps, and it is not believed that he will recommend any changes in the plans as prepared for the work by Engineer Webster.—Bradford Era.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 6, 1904:

Allie Spencer, Harry H. Vandergrift, A. Victor, Anna Ward. Foreign—John B. Potterson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GAILUP,
Postmaster.

$15 Buffalo to St. Louis and Return via the Nickel Plate Road.

Tickets good 7 days. On sale each Tuesday and Thursday during June. For particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 16th day of June, A. D. 1904, by George W. Olmstead, Nathan P. Cutler and James A. Connelly, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Lindlow Real Estate Company," the character and object of which is purchasing, holding, leasing and selling real estate, and for these purposes to have, posses and enjoy the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

HINCKLEY, RICE & ALEXANDER,
Solicitors.

10 per cent discount will be allowed on all Furniture purchased during this sale.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

Great Bargains from the Sweetzer, Pembroke & Co.'s Auction now on sale. Below we quote just a few prices—only a few. They give you a small idea as to what you can save by attending this sale.

DRESS GOODS and SILKS.

Albatross, Nuns Veiling, Serges, Granites, Cashmeres, Voiles, Brilliantines, Fancy Mixtures, Whipcords, worth 50c to 75c, from Swetzer, Pembroke & Co.'s Auction. Choice per yd. 39c

52 inch Sicilian Mohair worth $1.00 yd., from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 75c

52 inch Scotch Sbitings, worth $1.00 and $1.25 yd., from S. P. & Co. auction. Per yd. 69c

44 inch Black Chiffon Voile, worth $1.25, from S. P. Auction Per yd. 98c

Beautiful all silk satins, mostly light colors, worth $1.00, from S. P. & Co. Auction, per yard 39c

19 inch Black Taffeta from our own regular stock, regular price $.75. Sale price per yd. 59c

24 inch silk and satin Foulards, worth 75c and 85c. Sale price per yd. 50c

Fancy Shirt Waist Suiting Silks in brown and blue, also plain Pongee, worth 75c, sale price. 59c

27 inch White Habutia Wash Silks, worth 65c, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 49c

36 inch White Habutia Wash Silk, worth 89c per yd., from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 69c

44 inch all Silk Black Grenadines in handsome strips, worth $1.25 yd., from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 59c

LINENS.

72 inch Bleached Table Damask, worth 90c, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 59c

50 doz. All Linen Napkins, worth $1.25 dozen, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per doz. 75c

UMBRELLAS.

50 colored silk umbrellas with fancy borders, for rain or sun, worth $3.00, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Each 2.19

WASH GOODS and DOMESTICS.

Dimities, Lawns and Batiste, worth 15c, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 8½

Fil de soie and organdies, plain and figured, worth 25c and 30c, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 19c

Best Light and Dark Prints, worth 6c and 7c, from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 4½c

1 case of Lawns and Dimities, worth 8c yd., from S. P. & Co. Auction per yd. 5c

1 case of Lawns and Batiste, worth 10c from, S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 6½c

25 pieces of Stevens all linen crash from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 3½c

Colored Vestings for Shirt Waist Suits, worth 50c, 65c and $1 yd., from S. P. & Co. Auction. Per yd. 39c

$2,000 Worth of Boys' Clothing at Cost.

We are closing out the boys' clothing department, haven't the room. Every suit is now offered at ACTUAL COST.

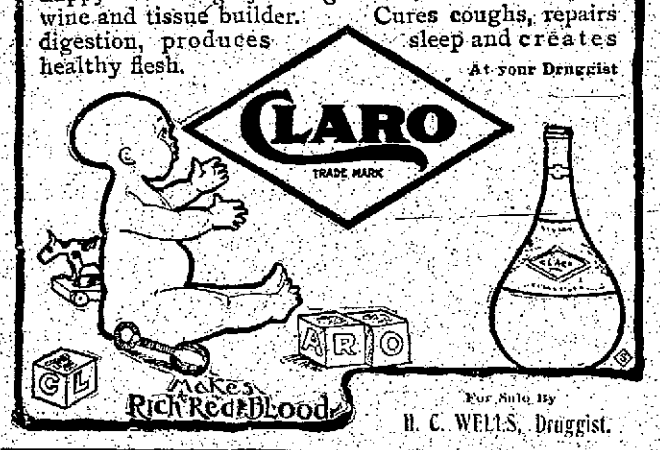
BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York

PERFECT CONTENTMENT

Children, as well as grown people, made healthy, happy and strong by taking **Claro**, the modern tonic-wine and tissue builder. Cures coughs, repairs digestion, produces sleep and creates healthy flesh.

At your Druggist



For Sale By
H. C. WELLS, Druggist.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

GOING AWAY?

THIS KIND OF WEATHER BRINGS THE VACATION FEVER ON.

To enjoy your outing you must be rightly clothed. Perhaps you need a new suit. If you do, see our

STRIPED FLANNELS AND SERGES

We have also some fine Rain and Top Coats.

Again don't forget our Haberdashery.

We have just the things you will need. Soft Shirts, 50c to $1.00. Better ones up to all silk up to $1.25. Underwear, splendid quality blue, tan or gray, 50c to $1.00 per garment.

Fancy half hose, exclusive patterns, 15c to 50c.

Night Shirts, 50c to $1.00.

We always have the newest neckwear—brown and champagne colors.

Tribune Union Made Shoes, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN,

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor,

SMETHPORT. PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

WASH GOODS

WASH GOODS ARE PRICED RIGHT

I am offering fancy white goods in separate shirt waist patterns, 3½ yard lengths, for

$1.75

Have just received a new line of the well known Waldorf Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits. Call and look them over.

Gaze Bourettes
Embroidered Pineapple
Silk Ginghams
Wash Silks
Soiesettes
Dimities
White Goods
Etc.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

May 10, 1904. Fresh line of Groceries always on hand

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO

McCoy's Drug Store.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

Packard Oxfords for Men

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Queen Quality Oxfords for Women

June Wash Goods Sale.

Early Sales has left us a great many part pieces of wash goods which we now place on sale at a big cut in prices. Lengths suitable for

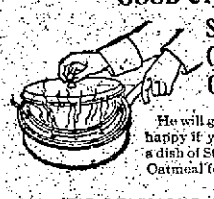
Dressing Sacques, Kimonas, Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

These goods include the most popular and prettiest patterns out this season and these prices are sure to move them rapidly, so we would advise an early selection.

See Display in East Window.

Good Cooking Means Happy Homes.

GOOD UTENSILS MAKE GOOD COOKS.



STEAM CEREAL COOKER.

He will go to his work happy if you give him a dish of Steam Cooked Oatmeal for breakfast.

IT'S DELICIOUS AND SO EASY TO COOK.

No Failure Possible. 45c.

STEAM EGG POACHER.

POACHES BY STEAM.

It takes but a minute and the eggs are neat, round and appetizing. 40c.

We can give you these two articles in one. With it and a coffee pot you can prepare a most comfortable breakfast.

IMPROVED PERFECTION TINS.

The Improved Tins have the Patented Groove and will not leak batter. Other kinds are useless. For rich, delicate cakes always use the Improved Perfection Tins.

12 AND 15 CENTS.

10 AND 12 CENTS.

FULL LINE OF SUCH KITCHEN CONVENIENCES HERE.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 9, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Shingle House is to have a bottle factory.

—Capt. E. R. Mayo is laid up this week with a very sore foot caused by being stepped upon by a cow.

—Frank C. Dill, a well known resident of Bradford, aged 47 years, died suddenly in that city last Friday.

—"Bony" Skimmerhorn, who a few years was a well-known character about this place, died in Bradford last week.

—Mrs. J. E. Hugg entertained a number of ladies at a thimble party at her home on Church street this afternoon.

—When you are making preparations to celebrate the ever glorious do not forget that Port Allegany is to have a first-class celebration.

—A dinner was given at the Wright House last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp in honor of Miss Rena Gallup and Mr. Scott Walker.

—According to an exchange Ischua, N. Y., is a great lodge town. With a population of but 300 there are sufficient lodges to occupy every night during the week.

—Several couples of Smethport's young people enjoyed a "straw ride" to Crosby last Friday night, where the K. O. T. M. hall was secured and a dance was held.

—Mrs. Harry E. Bosler of Eldred died at the Buffalo General Hospital on Tuesday of last week. Deceased was 27 years of age and was popular in Eldred society circles.

—Mr. Charles Croissant and Miss Cynthia Crawford, both of this place, were united in marriage at Portville, N. Y., by Rev. Bailey on Saturday last. Their many friends extend congratulations.

—At the M. E. church last Sunday evening Rev. G. H. Patterson delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class. The discourse was of an impressive and scholarly character and was listened to by a large audience.

—The Class Day exercises of the class of 1904 was held at the High School yesterday afternoon before a large assemblage of friends of the graduates. A well prepared program was given and the ivy was planted by Kenneth Mayo.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Fred Davis of Bradford have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Maude, to Mr. Thomas Harold Morrison of Smethport. The wedding is to take place at their home on Congress street at 6 o'clock on the evening of June, the fifteenth.

—Dr. F. H. Williams is to be at the Hotel Imperial next Monday and Tuesday. See ad in another column.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have some interesting bargains in their change of ad this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Andrews, on Sunday, June 5, a girl. Mrs. Andrews is now seriously ill but hopes are entertained for her recovery.

—A small break down at McKean Brothers' mill on Tuesday caused a shut down for the balance of the day, but the mill was started again yesterday morning.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday morning Rev. P. S. Calvin will speak on the "Responsibilities of Parents." Children's Day exercises in the evening at 8 o'clock.

—Donovan, son of Prothonotary S. E. Bell, is suffering with a broken collar bone. The little fellow had the member broken on Friday last but the fact was not discovered until Monday.

—At a meeting of the board of education Tuesday evening Prof. Tracey P. Allen of Kane was elected principal of the Smethport schools to succeed Prof. H. H. Foster. Prof. Allen comes highly recommended as an instructor. Miss Ethel Gifford of this place was elected to fill the vacancy in the primary department.

—James Gardner, aged 45 years, was killed in the Johnsonburg paper mill Monday morning. While oiling some shafting his clothing caught on a set screw and he was whirled around and thrown to the floor 10 feet below, resulting in instant death. A wife and four children survive him.

—W. G. Ogilvie of Port Allegany has made arrangements for the purchase of the Gold Eagle Hotel at Eldred from the present proprietor, Myron Walsh. Mr. Ogilvie will take possession as soon as the license is transferred. Both are popular gentlemen and we wish them success.

—A large delegation of Odd Fellows from this place went to Bradford on a special train Tuesday evening where they visited Tuna Lodge, No. 411, of that place. The initiatory degree was conferred on a large class of candidates and at the conclusion of the ceremonies the visiting members were entertained with a social session, which included the serving of refreshments.

—The regular monthly meeting of the McKean County Medical Society was held last evening at the office of Dr. A. M. Straight. In addition to the local members of the organization, Drs. Evan O'N. Kane of Kane, McCoy, Brown and Ostrander of Smethport were in attendance at the session. Special papers were read by Drs. Kane and Ostrander. The members were entertained with a banquet at the conclusion of the meeting.

—Yesterday's Bradford Era.

—On the Sunday evening before Decoration Day Mrs. Sloan and Miss Nina Brown had some beautiful flowers placed on the grave of their daughter and mother, respectively. Some time within the next day or two a greater portion of the flowers were removed from this grave and placed on the lot of one much more able to buy flowers than those who lost them. It does not seem possible that such an enlightened place as this contains such despicable characters, but as it does they should be found out and held up to the ridicule of the whole community.

—Francisco Topalo, who shot and killed Sanico Pellegramo in Elk county a short time ago, has been released by Judge Mayer. He was brought before the judge on a writ of habeas corpus and was discharged. It is said that Judge Mayer declared he would not have the man tried for such an act in his court—virtually declaring that Topalo did just right in slaying the man who had deliberately murdered his wife without a particle of excuse for his awful act. Now it is claimed that Topalo is afraid he will be killed by a brother of his victim.

—Duncan Clark's Lady Minstrels played to a small but good natured audience at the Lyceum Monday evening. The company was composed of twelve women and three men who belong most anywhere but before the footlights. There was not a creditable feature in the performance. Most of the ladies and some men left the theatre during the performance, but this was due to the lack of ability of the would-be performers, as there was nothing objectionable or vulgar to the show as presented here. Manager Clark had informed the minstrel manager that nothing of that sort would be tolerated at the Lyceum.

Annin Creek News.

Mrs. J. S. Hodges died very suddenly last Thursday morning. Mrs. Hodges had been complaining of a bad feeling in her head for a day or two, but was about the house. On the morning of her death she had prepared a churning of cream. As her husband was about to do the churning he told her she had better lie down. At this time her daughter, Mrs. Buckley, came in. She and her mother were talking when Mrs. Hodges put her hand to her head and complained of a severe pain. Her daughter, noticing a change in her mother, summoned Mr. Hodges from an adjoining room. He hurried in only to see his wife breathe a few times. The deceased was about 60 years old and is survived by her husband, two sons, Lorenzo of Olean and Charles of this place, and three daughters, Mrs. E. B. Buckley and Wm. Buckley, of this place and Mrs. James Hannon of Olean. The funeral was held from the house at 2 o'clock Saturday, Rev. Jacobus of Port Allegany officiating.

On account of the death of Mrs. Hodges the Tubbs' family reunion, which was to have taken place on the 23rd of this month, has been postponed indefinitely.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Tubbs, on June 1st, an eight pound girl.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Karl Beckwith, on June 3d, a girl.

Rev. J. F. Tubbs of Los Angeles, Cal., preached to a large congregation in the M. E. church Sunday, May 28th. He started on his return home Wednesday.

Death of J. B. Mitchelmore.

J. B. Mitchelmore died at the home of his son-in-law, Fred W. Digel of Farmers Valley on Monday, June 6, of heart trouble, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

Deceased was a native of England and had come from that country last August on a visit to his children residing in this country and was stricken with the disease which terminated fatally while with his daughter. He is survived by his aged wife, four sons, Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore, a former pastor of the Baptist church at Smethport; William H. of Chicago, Ill.; Harold, C. E. R. A. of His Majesty, the King of England's yacht, and Albert of Newton Abbott, England, and one daughter, Mrs. F. W. Digel of Farmers Valley.

The funeral services were conducted Tuesday morning by Rev. A. B. Sprague and the remains were laid at rest in the Smith Hill cemetery.

For Sale.

Chestnut pacing mare, weight about 1000. Eight years old, safe for lady to drive, fearless of everything. Rubber tire buggy used two summers. Boston Comfort cutter used two winters, with robes, blankets and whip for full outfit. Price is a bargain. A. L. COLEGROVE.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Buggies for Sale.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has one of the best displays of carriages, buggies and runabouts in his salesrooms ever shown in this section. The leader is the celebrated Waterloo variety, but he has other good makes for less money. Call and see his stock.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

For Sale.

A new eight room house, all modern conveniences, fine location, five minutes walk from postoffice. Further particulars furnished at this office.

For Rent,

A pretty flat in a central location. Newly papered. Terms reasonable. For particulars call at the MINER office, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Sheriff Chas. E. Mays had business in Kane last Friday.

G. W. Mitchell was a business visitor in Bradford over Sunday.

G. M. Morrison of Hazelhurst had business in town yesterday.

Frank Thorton had business in Bradford the forepart of the week.

Col. Mellville M. Gillette left Monday for his home in Newark, Ohio.

Scott F. Redfield left Monday for an extended visit to Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. Usworth Haines of Port Allegany is visiting Mrs. J. E. Hugg.

W. L. Hamniar of Mannering, W. Va., is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. H. B. Vincent of Jamestown, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Bacon.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis of Marion, Ind., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. C. J. Duntley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. King and daughter, Miss Bessie, were visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. C. Hamlin and Mrs. Henry Hamlin returned from a visit to Buffalo on Monday.

Charles Starks, a former resident of this place, and now of Warren, spent Sunday in town.

Drs. McCoy, Brown and Ostrander attended the meeting of the McKean County Medical Society at Bradford Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Mrs. J. A. Nicholson and son, Wilton of Hornellsville, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce left Monday for Pittsburg, where she is attending the State convention of the L. O. T. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., are visiting her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

G. B. Mayo and Kenneth Mayo leave to-day for Annapolis, where Kenneth will take the physical examination for the appointment to the Naval Academy.

I will give Double Purple Trading Stamps at my store from Friday, June 3rd, until Saturday, June 11th, inclusive. D. C. YOUNG.
— Smethport, Pa.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

Oil for Your Bike

3in One is the superior bicycle oil and a whole lot better than any other oil you ever tried.

Contains no grit, no acids. Lubricates thoroughly and makes the wheels go lightly.

The largest bicycle manufacturers in the United States put "3 in 1" in the oil can of every wheel they send out.

G. W. Cole Co., Manufacturers, New York.

The big bottle at the little price. We sell it.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE AROMA OF A

370

CIGAR

Is like the Flower that blooms in the Spring.

For Sale at All First-Class Cigar Stands.

ONLY 5 CENTS.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & HERZOG

FANS

For the girl graduates.

What is more dainty than a pretty fan? What more acceptable to the girl graduate?

We are showing a great variety of plain and decorated designs this season at prices to suit all prices.

15c to $2.75.

WAIST BARGAINS.

We have placed on a special counter this week a lot of colored shirt waists which waists which we are closing out at HALF and LESS.

They are mostly large sizes, though there is a fair assortment of medium and small measurements. Values up to $1.25. Choice

50c

FRY & HERZOG.

A Matter of Interest to Everyone.

To-day we inaugurate one of the

Greatest Shirt Sales

ever known in this or any other town.

Handsome soft bosom Madras, Percale and Homespun Shirts which are sold elsewhere at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. We will sell for two weeks only at

70c

each, or 3 Shirts for 2 dollars, which is actually

BELOW THE COST PRICE

They are the celebrated Lion, Princely and Progress Brands, which we offer at 70c each, or 3 Shirts for $2.00.

We have your size.

Wm. Monheimer.

JUNE WEDDINGS.

A new stock to select from just in from the best factories in the world. All new, up-to-date and the prices are right. One price to all.

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

New Summer Millinery

We are now showing the latest effects in early summer millinery.

White cluny laces, chiffons and fancy braids make up the dainty hats for summer wear.

Just received from New York an elegant line of White Wash Silk, White Lawn and Mercerized Shirt Waists.

We now have a large assortment of infants' and children's clothes, cloaks, bonnets, etc.

Just step in and look over our stock before purchasing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

His Victory At Sea.....

By ANNE WARNER.

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Durant lay in his chair. The three chairs next to him were vacant. They were labeled in order "Mrs. Gabelle," "Miss Gabelle," "Miss Susan Gabelle." Beyond the three chairs came the chair of the Italian lady who had a baby. Durant looked across the vacant seats and saw the baby and blessed the intervening space. The Italian lady thought that he wanted to admire the baby and held it up high on purpose for him to see. But his gaze fled out upon the wide ocean beyond, and he did not recall it until he was ready to open his book and read.

In the middle of the afternoon a pretty girl in a red Tam O'Shanter came up and stood by the rail. Durant found himself looking at her over the top of his book and wishing that she might be Miss Gabelle. After awhile he had his wish, for she came across and sat down under her name. The Italian lady was delighted. Her baby had cried so hard that a kind hearted somebody had taken it to walk and left the mother free to enjoy society. Durant had been three chairs away, but Miss Gabelle was only half that distance removed. Mme. Italia leaned over and addressed her at once.

"She eees sso goood, mill baybee. Hi neffarrre hall nanny trooouble weeez her. All zeee laydees looof mill baybeee—all zeeee laydees tend mill baybeee!"

Miss Gabelle looked so disgusted that the Italian was disconcerted and seized the trivial pretext of seeking her infant to rise from her seat and view life from the lee side.

The instant that she was out of sight the young girl sprang from her chair, and, hailing a passing steward, "Take these three chairs and carry them down to the other end of the deck," she said, pressing his hand to some purpose, "and do it right off, will you, please?"

She went inside directly she saw him bearing off the first chair, and Durant lost not a minute in drenching himself from his toes to the end that when the steward returned he might, shy, with an imitation of the initiative proceeding:

"Take mine too."

The steward grunted and took his chair too.

When Miss Gabelle reappeared she looked prettier than ever, and as she at once opened a book and became wholly absorbed in it Durant decided that the best thing for him to do was to go to sleep with his face turned in her direction and so be able to look at her all that he wanted to. After awhile he decided that she was quite the prettiest girl that he ever had seen and that he must know her somehow. Presently she closed her eyes, and soon after her fingers relaxed their hold of the book, and that slipped on to the deck. He vaulted over Mrs. Gabelle's chair and, picking the book up, smoothed the leaves carefully and laid it back on her lap. But she did not thank him or pay the slightest attention to his polite action. There are naps on deck and naps on deck, and Miss Gabelle had not gone to sleep with her face turned in Durant's direction.

When the first gong for dinner sounded she woke up with a start and flew below so quickly that he only had time to realize that she was going when she was gone.

The next morning he found her chained and booked when he got up there himself. The wind had changed and was coming around the corner by the spluking room in a very trying manner, but he hardly noticed that in his tender ejections over her proximity and distance.

She noticed it, though, and strove in vain to adjust a bit of embroidered coat collar so as to shut off a growing gale. Her efforts proving futile, she summoned a sailor who was busy lashing something to something else and opened her purse.

"Please carry these three chairs out of the wind," she said, smiling on him, and then she went inside.

The sailor grabbed two chairs and clumped away at a gait demanded by the exigencies of the situation.

Durant meanwhile extricated himself from his rugs with a sprightliness to be envied by the rheumatic and paralyzed and was up and waiting when the emissary of fate returned.

"Here, take my chair, too," he said to the man, smiling on him in the stupid way that men reserve for other men. The sailor grinned the omniscient grin that deck hands acquire, pocketed his fee, and the last two chairs went away together in as friendly a manner as the first two had done.

After lunch Miss Gabelle occupied her chair and for the first time did Durant the honor of noticing his existence by becoming slightly pink when she observed him there in his chair the same as ever. Later Miss Susan Gabelle, who appeared to be the other's maiden great-aunt, hove on deck and reclined beside her niece for nearly seven whole minutes. At the end of that time a sudden roll of the steamer did her up with great abruptness. She became vividly green, howled pitifully, and the deck steward rushed to the rescue and bore her hastily away. Durant, who was burning to be of some use to the family, to the end that he might merit gratitude and an introduction, sprang to the deck steward's assistance and started to bear up the trailing extremities of his load, but Miss Susan Gabelle yelled, "Don't turn me upside down, for pity's sake!" and he had to drop her feet as if they scorched his hands.

But he was richly rewarded for his effort, for the niece became freshly pink, smiled and remarked something about the weather, a species of conversational opening through which, on shipboard, men fall frequently and lose themselves forever. It came on to blow worse soon, and one terrific gust turned their plaids into distress signals and caused the deck steward, who was whirling about just then distributing cakes and tea as if he was a new species of revolving dumb waiter, to suggest that they would be much more comfortable upon the other side.

"I think so, too," said Miss Gabelle. "After you are through with the tea won't you take our three chairs around there?"

"Gewiss!" said the man and spun away.

Miss Gabelle drank her tea with great breeziness, so to speak, and then went below to see how her aunt was surviving. She smiled on Durant as she passed, and hope formed high on the surf of his heart wave. When the steward came for the chairs, it was in a voice of the utmost assurance that he was bidden:

"Take mine too."

When Miss Gabelle came back she seemed not at all surprised at seeing him still one of their party. She even smiled again when he sprang up to install her among her wraps. And then when she was intrenched in her castle of pillow and plaid he boldly occupied the neighboring territory, and, as the powers in her case were otherwise engaged, no one entered a protest.

And then they talked. How they did talk! Only a seafarer knows how far into a heart to heart conversation two may progress by the third day out. To make matters more agreeable the wind freshened so that even upon the sheltered side a pretty girl required continuous and solicitous retucking.

Toward night it began to rain.

"I think that we must move again," Durant suggested with a heavy accent on the "we."

"Dear me, so we must," she answered, beginning to prepare to rise. He sprang to her aid, he extricated her from her rugs, he hailed a deck hand, and he pointed out his work to him.

"Take those four chairs out of the wet," he told him in such a tone as Nelson used at Trafalgar. "He'll have them all ready when we come up after dinner," he added to Miss Gabelle. She smiled sweetly.

"I'm so glad I have met you," she said as they went inside (together this time). "I've been dreading such a long, lonely voyage."

Durant looked down at her, and she looked up at him. They both smiled, and she blushed.

Is it necessary to say more?

Try and guess the outcome.

Ruskin on Rome.

These appear to me incontrovertible and accurate conclusions—that the Roman streets are damp and moldy where they are not burning; that the modern architecture is fit only to put on a Twelfth cake in sugar (e. g., the churches at the quattro Fontanel; that the old architecture consists chiefly of heaps of turf and bricks; that the Tiber is muddy; that the fountains are fantastic; that the castle of St. Angelo is too round; that the capitol is too square; that St. Peter's is too big; that all the other churches are too little; that the Jews' quarter is uncomfortable; that the English quarter is unpicturesque; that Michael Angelo's "Moses" is a monster; that his "Last Judgment" is a mistake; that Raphael's "Transfiguration" is a failure; that the Apollo Belvedere is a public nuisance; that the bills are high, the malaria strong, the dissipation shameful, the bad company numerous, the sirocco depressing, the Tramontana chilling, the Levante parching, the Ponente pelting, the ground unsafe, the politics perilous and the religion pernicious. I do think that in all candor and reflective charity I may assert this much.—Letter to Charles Eliot Norton in Atlantic.

Pulpit Malapropisms.

At a meeting of ministers the other day one of them laid great stress on the importance of considering the sort of audience one is going to address. "I once lost a chance to preach an effective sermon by using the stereotyped beginning, 'I am glad to see so many of you present this morning.' The congregation burst into a laugh. You see, they were prisoners in a state penitentiary, and the poor fellows had to be present."

This brought forth another story from one who for some years was chaplain of a penitentiary. He had decided to remove from the town and take a charge elsewhere.

"This is my last Sunday here, and I'm sorry to leave you," he told his congregation of stripes.

After the sermon one of the prisoners stepped forward and shook his hand. "This is my last Sunday, too, parson," he said. "But I can't say, as you did, that I'm sorry to leave."

Juvenile Sense.

Sentiment among schoolgirls of seven or thereabout sometimes makes surprising manifestations, and Eleanor was heard to declare that she would not have Clara for her chum any more if Clara didn't quit being so silly about the boys. In a few days Eleanor's father saw Eleanor and Clara arm in arm as usual and felt moved to investigate.

"How's this, Eleanor?" he said to the little girl in the evening. "You said Clara should not be your chum any more because she was so foolish about the boys."

"Oh, Clara's all right," Eleanor answered. "She isn't so silly now. I've been talking to her about it, and she's getting more sense every day."—Indianapolis Journal.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

WHIMS OF EPICURES

DISHES OF FABULOUS COST AND QUESTIONABLE TASTE.

The Vast Sums That Were Lavished Upon Feasts by the Luxurious Romans—Soyer's Hundred Guinea Dish—One Way of Cooking an Olive.

Whatever criticism the forms and expense of modern entertainment may still invite, we have at least escaped from the objectionable feature of costliness for its own sake which characterized so many of the banquets of a century ago. As we all very well know, there is cookery and cookery, and the best must need be expensive. But there is an obvious distinction between the "regardless of expense" principle and the mere desire to stand sponsor to the costliest dish or dinner, as such, that money can pay for and the perverted ingenuity of cooks can achieve. The first may be the legitimate ambition of a Croesus intent upon social advancement, but the second is a more vulgar aim and one, indeed, that often defeats its own ends.

According to Thackeray's philosophy, "a man can only be hungry and eat and be happy," but there is clearly a great deal more in it than that. Between such a primitive canon of gastronomy and the well founded tastes and preferences of the genuine connoisseur there is a distinction as broad as it is reasonable. Good, better, best, apply as fully and inevitably to matters of the table as to any other department of life, and it must always be difficult for those who have graduated in the higher schools of the culinary art not to accept the very cardinal maxim, "The best of everything is good enough for the likes of us."

When the Count of Monte Cristo showed his guests how easy it was to spend a thousand pounds on a dinner for ten persons he gave them also an insight into the rationale of the expenditure. Among the dishes was a sterlet brought alive from the Volga, and the count then replies to the comments it provoked: "I am like Nero—I wish for the impossible. This fish, which seems so excellent to you, is very likely no better than carp or salmon, but it seemed impossible to procure it, and here it is." There is not even originality in this, for it is only an adaptation of the old Roman idea, and the cost of Monte Cristo's dinner has often been exceeded by that of a single dish.

History is silent as to the sum expended upon the enormous entree called by Vitellius the "shield of Minerva," but as it was composed of an incredible variety of the rarest and nicest kinds of meat its cost was certainly in proportion to its size. Nor could a dish of nightingales' tongues have been made for a trifle, though it could have been worth very little when it was made. The vast sums lavished upon the feasts of the luxurious Romans must be accepted with some hesitation, and the £4,000 said to have been the daily amount expended by Vitellius upon his supper seems almost fabulous.

But then he, too, was devoured by a desire to attain the "impossible" and employed a far reaching organization in order to realize it. According to Josephus, his food was of the most rare and exquisite nature, "the deserts of Libya, the shores of Spain, the waters of the Carpathian sea, and even the coasts and forests of Britain were diligently searched for dainties to supply his table." But even this is eclipsed by the story of a single dish provided for a banquet given by Heliogabulus which is said to have cost no less a sum than £4,000 of English money.

The waste and utter futility of such lavish expenditure may be said, in some sense, to have been counterbalanced by the idea of splendor and luxurious opulence which it was thought to express. But we find records of dishes of quite inordinate cost much nearer our own times for which no such plea can be urged.

In his "City Madam" Massinger scourges the extravagant method of preparing many dishes then in fashion and ridicules "their pies of corps' tongues and their pheasants drenched with ambergris." And he is especially severe—perhaps such an incident had actually occurred—upon "the carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single turkey." This, of course, is a simple barbarism for which there can be no possible palliation. And though it may be regarded as an exceptional instance of princely magnificence, one instinctively shrinks at the statement that at the banquet given by Louis XIV. at Versailles on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. de Blois and the Prince de Conti in 1668 the ortolans alone cost 10,000 francs.

Napoleon himself is reported to have said that "more fortunate treaties, more happy arrangements and reconciliations were due to the cook of his Chancellor Cambaceres than to the crowds of diplomatic committees who thronged the antechambers of the Tuileries." That cook could scarcely complain of his "raw material," for on a certain occasion a large trout arrived from Geneva, consigned to the chancellor's kitchen, the cost of which was verified by the Cour des Comptes as amounting to 6,000 francs.

But as an instance of cost for cost's sake no better example can be given than that of Soyer's famous "hundred guinea dish," so much talked of in the middle of the last century. This, of course, was a "made dish," which required as a mere preliminary the sum of £34, the cost of five turtles' heads, with a part of the fins and green fat. The next requirement was over 400 birds of every kind known to the poultry yard and game list, with a few not included in either, the small "nobs" from each side of the middle of the back of each bird alone being used.

This, no doubt, is a superlatively dainty morsel, but it is almost impossible to repress a feeling of indignation at finding that a hundred birds were sacrificed for it. The cost of the "garniture" is set down at £14 10s., and this consisted of coxcombs, truffles, mushrooms, crayfish, olives, asparagus, sweetbreads, green mangoes and some other ingredients. The one relief felt on reading the account of this dish is that such a vulgar and ridiculous medley is no longer possible.

Almost as foolish, although of a different character, is the recipe exalted by Brillat-Savarin, which teaches us how to unsapply the flesh of two woodcocks, with truffles and other concomitants, as the mere stuffing for a single pheasant. We are assured that "the success of this method is guaranteed by the very nature of things," but the idea seems radically false to begin with, and no amount of skill can cure the inherent defect.

It is some years since a well known connoisseur condemned the use of lobster sauce with salmon on the reasonable ground that no fish should be made to serve as the complement of another. And it is surely an offense of still greater magnitude to attempt to incorporate the individual subtleties of two such delicious birds as the woodcock and pheasant in a single dish.

The cost of cooking a single olive may turn out a costly proceeding, especially if a bon vivant should adopt the following method: Place a French olive inside a beccafico (the fig pecker, the beccafico is a golden plover, the plover is a pheasant and the pheasant is a bustard. The cooking is to proceed with special regard to the "basting," and when the dish is presented the master of the feast sends the olive (only) to the guest whom he desires to honor, unless, indeed, he happens to sup alone—Lucullus with Lucullus—when he eats it himself. There is some reason to believe, however, that this recipe was designed as a sarcastic rebuke to the extravagant cooks of the period and not less to the wealthy gourmet or overcultivated tastes.—London Globa.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

It Spoke In a Dream and Told a Tale of Ghastly Horror.

The Rev. Mr. Partridge was once the vicar of a parish in the suburbs of London. He had the misfortune to lose a favorite son, whose body was interred in a vault in the church. Two nights after the interment Mr. Partridge dreamed that he saw his son, habited in a shroud spotted with blood, the expression of his countenance being that of a person enduring some paroxysm of acute pain.

"Father, father," he cried, "come and defend me! They will not let me rest quiet in my coffin!"

The apparition was so vivid that the dreamer awoke, trembling from excitement. He argued with himself that it was the result of the grief he felt on account of his son's death and after awhile managed to overcome his agitation and go to sleep again. But it seemed to him that he scarcely lost consciousness when the vision reappeared, beseeching more piteously than before that his father would come to his aid, as they were "mangling his body at that instant." The tortured man slept no more that night and at the break of day repaired to the clerk's house, where the keys of the vault were kept. Here he was informed that the key to the main door had been broken and the clerk's son had gone to the smith's to have a new one made. Impelled by the worst misgivings, the vicar procured a crowbar, by means of which the hinges of the door were wrenched off.

The sight that greeted him caused the father to fall fainting to the floor. His son's coffin had been lifted from the recess and placed on the brick pavement. The lid lay loose on the top. The body, enveloped in its shroud, on which were several spots of blood below the chin, was exposed to view. The broad ribbon had been removed from below the jaw, which hung down with a most ghastly horror of expression, and every tooth in the head had been drawn. The youth while living had possessed a beautiful set of teeth. The clerk's son, who was both a barber and a dentist, had obtained possession of the vault keys for the purpose of extracting the teeth for use in his business.—London Mail.

Sacred Cats.

The ancient Egyptians worshiped the goddess Sechet, a creature with a human body and a cat's head. Sechet's shrine was at the once famous city of Bubastis. Hither an average of 700,000 devotees resorted annually, each district delegation taking all the dead cats which had "quitted the sphere of action" in their respective localities during the year. These dead cats, all of which were carefully wrapped and embalmed, were buried at the celebrated "cat cemetery," on the plains of Zaharik, that being the place where the image of Sechet was set up. One of the greatest curiosities of present day Egypt are the catacombs, where the remains of these countless thousands of cats are to be seen, each wrapped in linen and sealed up in a red earthenware jar.

The Ruling Passion.

A gambler, on his deathbed, having seriously taken leave of his physician, who told him that he could not live beyond 8 o'clock next morning, exerted the small strength he had left to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, for he could hardly exceed a whisper, "Doctor," said he, "I'll bet you 5 guineas I live till 9."—London Tit-Bits.

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THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune

one year for

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INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. S. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagerty, president; Miss Tavia Rayner, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Defrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney.
Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Ridder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 386, meets Friday evenings, at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FURGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Re. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix, Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Miss. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:03 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 9:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 5:20 a. m., Washington 6:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.		
NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	12 01
7:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
8:08	Glen Hazel	11:07
8:07	Straight	11:00
8:12	Insuranter	11:02
8:20	Smith's Run	10:52
8:29	Woodvale	10:55
8:33	Clermont	10:46
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. way 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

6:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Formby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 8 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

3:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport as follows: 9:30 a. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. A. McClure, Ticket Agt. Smethport

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 25, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:30 a. m.) connecting with R. & S. R. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:55 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.)

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:05 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:30 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:30 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:35 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:05 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p.m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 9:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:30 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from R. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, Gen. Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C. OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 16, 1903.

Ar. Eastward	STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M. P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M. P.M. A.M.
8.05	2.05 2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25 9.10
7.50	1.53 2.55	Crowell	7.47	2.52 9.19
7.46	" 2.57	Carpenter	"	2.54 9.24
7.40	6.38 1.53	Perkins	7.52	2.57 9.26
7.37	6.35 1.50	New'd June	7.55	3.00 9.29
"	" 1.45	Newfield	8.00	3.05 9.34
7.05	6.30 1.41	Gold	7.44	2.59 9.40
6.59	6.24 1.35	Raynond	7.49	2.45 9.47
6.45	6.21 1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06 10.02
6.40	6.17 1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09 10.10
6.25	6.10 1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17 10.20
6.15	" 1.05	N. Coudsport	"	3.26 10.35
6.10	6.00 1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25 3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M. P.M.	Coudersport.		P.M.
6.20	7.45 12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28 6.00 1.20
"	" 12.13	Hammond		" " "
4.05	7.38 12.09	Olmsted		8.33 6.05 1.31
3.59	7.35 12.05	Mina		8.37 6.10 1.37
3.45	" 11.59	Knowlton		" 6.17 "
3.40	7.25 11.55	Roulette		8.47 6.21 1.51
3.30	7.16 11.47	Burtville		8.54 6.28 2.01
3.22	" 11.47	Coleman		" 6.34 "
3.20	" "	Chem. Wks		" " "
3.15	7.05 11.35	Pt. Allegany		9.08 6.40 2.25
P.M.	P.M. A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M. P.M. P.M.

"—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE

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A Race For An Income

By HERBERT MONTGOMERY

Copyright, 1903, by Charles N. Lurie

"CAN you run over to Ireland, Mr. Catchem?"

"Certainly."

"Could you cross by to-night's mail?"

"I could. What must I do when I get there?"

"It's a painful case," said kind hearted Mr. Warmington, "but I'd best tell you the particulars shortly and let you judge for yourself what's best to be done."

Mr. Warmington was one of the wealthiest and worthiest lawyers in

MISS TRIXIE'S HEART WARMED TO HIM.

London, and Mr. Catchem was the cleverest detective in all England.

"You know my brother-in-law, the Hon. Mr. Burton?"

Mr. Catchem nodded grimly. He had heard of the gentleman, not to his advantage.

"Just so. He was always, I am sorry to say, a trouble to his family. My wife—though only a child at the time—remembers some stormy scenes before he went abroad. After our marriage I did what I could for him, but it was very little use. Though then well on in his fifties, he was as wild as a young colt—wild, not vicious, I'm bound to say. Well, eight years ago he had the good luck—for him—to marry an heiress, who was young, beautiful and passionately in love with the elderly scapegrace. He kept as straight as a die while she lived and was terribly cut up when she died about a year ago. She showed her perfect confidence in him by her will, bequeathing to him her whole property, and had personal with perfect confidence, as she wrote, in his loving care for our dear child, Florence."

"Within two weeks after his wife's death he came to me to prepare a deed as tight as they draw them," he said, assigning his whole property, a clear £5,000 a year, and a beautiful house and grounds, to his daughter, reserving only a moderate yearly allowance from his wife's personal property for himself. I cannot trust myself, Warmington," he said, 'that's the truth of it. If I have money, I must splatter it.' You may be sure the deed was as stringent as the lawyers could make it, and he signed it without wighting.

"Then, I suppose from loneliness, the Bohemian broke loose in him again. In an evil hour—one of the small hours in the morning, most likely—he fell in with Miss Trixie Mordant, the liveliest and in the same time the cutest young lady that graces the boards of the Empire.

"Well, I needn't tell you what a man of sixty falls in love is comes a cropper. The cunning little baggage quickly coaxed him into an offer of marriage and then stood out for handsome settlements. She put her eye on the property, got he thought he had no power to prevent it, and I didn't enlighten him on the subject, you may be sure.

"He was wild with himself for his folly in having assigned it to his daughter. But Miss Trixie consulted lawyers on her own account, Sharkey & Snippit, sharp fellows as you'll meet with in the city.

"They were not long putting my precious brother-in-law up to his legal rights. As the law now stands under an old statute of Queen Elizabeth, if the property is granted to Miss Trixie in consideration of her marriage with the grantor, the deed to poor little Florence is not worth the parchment it's written on. Sharkey & Snippit are now, I have reason to know, preparing marriage settlements and making over the whole property to Miss Trixie, who is in a seaside village in the west of Ireland."

"We have introduced a quiet little bill in the house of lords which will repeal the old act of Queen Elizabeth, which allows a man to defeat his own grant, and will make voluntary conveyances absolute against what we call in law a 'purchaser with notice.' The bill is halfway through the lords. The lord chancellor has promised the royal assent—by deputy, of course—the day after the bill passes the third reading in the commons."

"It's a race, then, between your bill and their deed for a five thousand a year stake?"

"Exactly."

"But I don't see where I come in."

"I want you to run over to Mount Eagle, where Miss Trixie hangs out, and keep a sharp eye on her till the business is through. Sharkey & Snippit are as sharp as scissors, and shut as tight. They are in constant communication with Miss Trixie. If you go to Ireland you may be able to tap the wire at that end. Miss Trixie is as loose and lively as they are close."

"I'll go. I'd like to do the little girl a good turn if I can.

* * * * * * *

Miss Trixie Mordant felt particularly dull during her voluntary exile in County Clare. The passionate appeals of her elderly adorer were monotonously dismal. Nothing to do and no one to talk to—that was her trouble.

"If I only had somebody to laugh with me at these yokels I could stand it," she muttered dispassionately.

Then her eye wandered from the sea in front to the tennis ground on the left, and at a glance she knew that fate had been kind and her prayer was answered. A young man dressed in the extreme of fashion jumped across the ground carelessly swinging a tennis racket. His blazer blazed hot crimson and yellow in the hot sunshine. Miss Trixie's heart warmed to him at once as a kindred spirit. In five minutes she, too, strolled out on the ground. She was quite flustered at first when she found a young man on the ground and glanced at him—oh, so bashfully!—from under her long lashes when he dared to speak to her.

But in two minutes they were in the midst of a lively single of tennis; in two hours they were "Trix" and "Jer," as if they'd known each other all their lives. It was the day after when the lively young lady was planning a bicycle expedition that a waiter brought her a telegram. A monosyllable escaped her as she read it. Then she pettishly tore the pink paper into pieces and flung the fragments into the "turf bucket" that stood by the empty fireplace.

"Now what have I done?" she cried repentantly the next moment. "And old Sharkey specially warned me to be careful. Pick up the bits for me, Jer."

Jer instantly buried himself head and shoulders in the turf bucket. He quietly slipped an old telegram of his own from his pocket and, under cover of the bucket, tore it to pieces before he rescued the fragments of Miss Trixie's.

She took the bits he gave her, lit a match and burnt them in the empty fireplace.

Half an hour afterward Jer, in his bedroom, with the door locked, made a puzzle map of bits of pink paper on his dressing table, and this is what he read there:

"Just discovered child's friends putting bill through parliament to secure her in property. Hope to put spoke in their wheel yet. Must hurry up with deed. Is old man willing? Sharkey."

As he finished reading he saw with the corner of his eye through the window Miss Trixie on her wheel, sailing down the lawn in front of the hotel.

In a moment he was out and after her, making his bike fly. He drew abreast about a quarter of a mile from the postoffice.

"Oh for a spin!" he said.

"When I've sent a wire."

She slipped off dexterously, leaning her wheel at the postoffice and stepped up to the telegraph counter.

Jer stood at the open door dutifully holding the wheels. The telegraph instrument in the office was one of the old fashioned affairs that conscientiously tap out their messages. Among his manifold accomplishments in another condition of life Mr. Jerome Blood-Smith had learned to interpret these taps. This is what they told him:

"To Sharkey & Snippit, London. Send deed at once. Old man has consented to execute. Mordant."

As they went down the slope together on their wheels Jer suddenly remembered. "By Jove," he said, "I want to send a wire, too, if you don't mind. Back pedal, Trix. I'll be with you in a minute."

He wheeled sharp round on the face of the slope and flew back to the postoffice. He scribbled five words to Warmington.

"Bill blown on. Look alive."

* * * * * * *

Next morning Miss Trixie was up early and restless. She was at the telegraph office before it opened, with the inevitable Jer, of course, dancing attendance. This is the message that was ticked out as he stood holding the wheels at the door:

"All serene. Bill blocked last night. Snippit starts by the morning mail for Rathcool with deed engrossed for execution. Sharkey."

"Hooray!" shouted Miss Trixie, but when she went to the door she caught a back view of Mr. Blood-Smith's head well over the handle of his wheel, flying on the hill back to the hotel.

"My eye!" she exclaimed in amazement. "What's come to Jer? Did a wasp sting my pet, just as I was in humor to flirt with him too? Five thousand a year and a castle, all to my own check. I must have a downhill search all by my own little self to work it off or I'll burst!"

Meanwhile Blood-Smith was strangely occupied in his locked bedroom. There was a timetable open beside him, and a big railway map of Ireland was spread out on the quilt of his bed, at which he was busy with a pair of compasses and a fine pencil.

"A little over a hundred," he muttered. "There is time enough to do it. But it's deuced risky work and dead against the law. Well, I've helped the law so often that it must make allowances this once. So here goes."

He fished out a strong bicycle bag, fitted with straps to be carried on the handle bar, and packed in a very singular fashion. The two cans which held the oil for his lamp and lubricating oil for the bearings were his sole baggage on his projected expedition. These two greasy cans, both quite full, he wrapped up carefully in a couple of large silk handkerchiefs and stuffed into the bag.

Quietly and quickly the bag was fitted to the bars, and Blood-Smith slipped into the saddle at the hotel door and was off at a good, steady twelve miles an hour. All day long on his high geared wheel he pushed on at the same steady, unchanging pace. Evening began to close in. His cyclometer marked eighty-four miles already covered. "In good time," he muttered and slackened speed a little. At last! He could just distinguish the steep slope as the road rose abruptly and leaped off the railway. He dropped off at the foot, lifted the wheel over the wooden railings and stood it carefully in the shadow of the bridge wall. He took the bag from the handle bars and walked with it down to the rails. A few stars showed tremulously through the haze. A faint metallic gleam came from the rails that stretched two threads of light away into the darkness.

He took one of the silk handkerchiefs from the bag and shook out the folds. He drew the cork of one of the oil cans with his teeth, soaked the silk as full as it could hold, and then, bending down over the near rail, he began smearing the smooth metal thickly with the oil. So he worked steadily and swiftly for over a hundred yards down the steep gradient until one can of oil was exhausted. He crossed the line and came up mopping and doubling the other rail from the other can in the same identical fashion. Then he took his stand right between the rails at the head of the gradient under the bridge.

"I hope I am safe here," he muttered, "right in the track of the mail train. We'll soon see."

Almost as he spoke there came right before him a steady, white star distant and low. The star all the time grew bigger and brighter. Then came a curious vibration in the air and the roar and rattle of the mail train. Low at first, it grew to a cyclone like a strong tide of sound dashing itself against the wind. There was a red flash of steam, the engine of the Irish express, with a long train of carriages behind it, thundered by, rocking, swaying, lurching up the incline, shaking itself a little like a horse out of breath as it climbed to reach the top. Then all of a sudden the wheels struck fire. There was for an instant a change in the roar of the train. The rough jar and rattle died out of it.

THE ENGINE CAME ON SLOWLY.

But the acquired momentum still forced the huge weight forward, the wheels sliding like a horse's hoofs on a slimy pavement and taking no grip of the greased metal. The engine came on slowly and more slowly until it was within twenty yards of where Mr. Blood-Smith stood at the end of the greased slope. It wavered, stood still for one second and then began silently and slowly at first to slip back down the slope, gaining speed as it went. Far away down at the foot of the gradient the train came at last to a dead halt. Then he knew the train was safe for the night. So he drew his wheel from its shelter with an easy mind and with the wind at his back went sailing away swiftly and smoothly along the road he came.

Next day at half past 3 o'clock, while Mr. Snippit, with the deed in his black cash bag, was still a long five miles from Rathcool, a very curious performance was in progress in the house of lords. The lord chancellor was seated on the broad scarlet woolsack. Two other lords were beside him. This combination represented the absent majesty of England. A short man was reading a list of bills which had passed through the stories of lords and commons and were now sailing peacefully into port.

"The voluntary conveyance bill," read the short man.

"La Reine le veut," jerked out a tall man.

In that second the bill was an act and an integral part of the law of the land, and the rights of little Miss Florence Burton were secure.

All that afternoon at Mount Eagle Miss Trixie Mordant and Mr. Blood-Smith waited eagerly expectant of telegrams. It was well on in the evening when two arrived together at last.

There was but one word in each message.

Her word was "Lost"—and his "Won."

Between Two Stools

By ALEC BRUCE

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"Oh, my!" sighed the Widow Stahl, for the widow was in the throes of a dilemma. She had lovers, two of them and for both she entertained a measure of affection and respect. In the balance she had weighed them and found neither wanting. Tip, up went Gottlieb, down went Hans. Tip, up went Hans, down went Gottlieb. Tip, steady, ounce to ounce they weighed and hung. A very hair would sway them.

"Ach, dey both be goot vor husbands. Vich best, hey? I don't know, now," she mused. "Gottlieb, he haaf a varm, dree hondred acres, two horse, some cow, some pig, ah! he vorks hard, he plow so much. Ach, but Hans, he haaf dat much, too, already, an' he vork harder; he plow so much as Gottlieb. Eider vood do. Oh, my!" And again the widow sighed.

Now, of the well matched rivals hard working Hans was the younger and the handsomer, but Gottlieb, if he was older and of coarser fiber, was more ardent, more noticing of the small things so dear to a woman's soul, and if neither had popped the momentous question right cunningly had Gottlieb approached it. Nah, yah, much nearer than Hans had ever dared to go.

"Pauline," one day he had ventured with a grin all over his vacuous face, "you make ride goot soup. Eforey day I vish I ged mine dinner vrom you."

"Dat vas near, ver near, vas it not? Ach, bad Hans! Hans 'vas chust so awvul handsome, too, to-he-he!" sniggered the widow and certainly in the sheepish glances, the frequent vise-like pressures of his horny hand, in his own dumb way Hans told an equally flattering tale.

"Ha, bud chust so vat I might be careful. Von uefer knows," argued the widow.

Truly for this caution the widow had good cause. Before marriage the late Herr Stahl, like the present suitors, had been weighed in the balance and found "not wanting." After marriage a long, long, practical sermon he had preached, the text of which had been "the waste of precious love." And now: "Loofe, loofe! Oh, no; oh, no!" sneered the widow. "Mit such things as dat I haaf nutting more to do. Neh, neh!"

For her man, Gottlieb or Hans, whichever won her hand, she would wash, close, make ride goot soup, clean house and do chust so val as she could. Bud loofe—neh, neh!

In a grinding matrimonial mill, to be sure, the widow had been flattened. Not so Gottlieb, not so Hans, and she forgot that, while to them the practical side of the contract must have its rosente hues, the loofe side still would be the rosier. Such was the case. For the tender feminine signs which never came each bashful lover had waited long, and at last: "Ach, chust so val I vait som' longer. Von nefer knows; von nefer knows," each argued in his turn.

Now, to her mine the Widow Stahl had nothing no house, no cow, no pig, no dot. But, worst of all, the marriage mantle had smeared from her that subtle something, the magnet of her sex, and try as she might to extract a proposal from her coddling swains they returned only slipshod looks, lame chips and pinfire for culinary skill. O'hone, what was the matter?

The widow stooped her brains.

"Ach, Gott, the squalid loans!" It was clearly they were after. To cook close, to make ride goot soup, to clean house, to be chust so val as a woman can, was not enough for them. Ach, neh! At last she understood.

In the old country the widow had an uncle. Seventy years of age was the uncle and at seventy uncles sometimes die. To Gottlieb and to Hans of that uncle she had often spoken—yah, yah. Eight thousand dollars she believed he had amassed. Ah, if to loofe Pauline was weak in strategy she was strong. Mine Gott, she had a scheme!

To the widow of the late Auguste Stahl all the underscored oh! conveyed, of course, greatly to her advantage she vil hear. Immediately her dear uncle haaf died.

Four insertions such as that in the Western Prairie Farmer, and Pauline could take her choice. Hans? Meinke Gottlieb? Meinke. Ach, chust so val she might be varent. The less should she would choose.

* * * * * * *

"Hey?" mused Gottlieb two weeks later, when his gray green eyes devoured four closely printed lines in the personal of the Western Prairie Farmer. "Hey, Suttgart? Dat must be Pauline's uncle mit the convertable vortune, Pauline, ha! She vash close, she make ride goot soup. Vy not get mine dinner by her eforey day? I can chust so val pay vig two, den I haaf more time to vork. Hey, it not? Dat is, and to Hans, dat loofe, mortgage I could pay. Hey? Hey, not?"

So to the widow hastened Gottlieb. Pauline, in a cold sweat he realized, as busy she was cinching and unclinching in a crackling fingered fit, "I—I loofe you. I—I haaf a varm, dree hondred acres, two horse, some cow, some pig. You—you haaf not dings—nutting at all, Pauline, no varm, no husband. You vas a relic, but I loofe you, Pauline. I loofe you. You vash de close, ged dinner, clean house I plow, v-vork in-de vield. Ve better ged married, hey?"

It was a mighty effort for the wooer, but it did not please the wooed. "Hey, so I vas a relic, vas I, Gottlieb? What vor you loofe relics? Dem only interestin'. Aoh, vrom the heart you do not loofe me, neih! Vrom the stomach, mebbe. 'Ride goot soup, Pauline,' you once say, ha! ha! What vor we ged married, Gottlieb, hey? Neh, neh!" she crashed in his face.

Threatened Gottlieb: "Den, I marry Katrina."

"Katrina, hey?" sneered Pauline with a clumsy shrug. "Ach, val she marry you, Gottlieb. She joomp at you. You ask at her!"

Himself! A few moments later, as she listened to the slow, uncertain shuffle of his heavy feet trulling down the wooden stair, the widow wavered. Should she recall him, hey? Ach, neh! He had seen the ad. about her uncle in the paper. His was a sordid, stomach loofe, chust the thing for the spinster Katrina. For her, Pauline, der vas still the handsome Hans, dree hondred acres, and a varm!

A month passed. The four insertions petered out. Hans must have seen them, one at least, every farmer read the Western Prairie news. Still Hans did not come. His customary week end visits, even, he omitted, and no letter, no explanation, nothing. He must be sick, declared the widow.

Two months passed.

Yah, Hans vas sick! She would make some soup, and she would go to him since he could not come to her. So, armed with a pail of Gottlieb's delight, she sought the bashful bachelor in his den.

She found him robust, quite cheery, and smoking a corncob pipe.

"Ha! you rascal!" she cried playfully. "What vor you vrighten me? What vor you stay away vrom Pauline?"

Replied Hans, rudely puffing an eye smarting cloud past the olive tinted face so near his own: "Your uncle, out ov respec' vor heem, I stay away."

Tip, up went Hans.

Himmel! Such sweet consideration! "Ya-as, ya-as," stammered Pauline, a series of tiny gulps impeding her usually glib response, "I—I—vas a-a-mourin', eh, eh, bud, Hans," she murmured, seating her fat, ungraceful figure close beside him on the settle and searching his stolid face for a tender gleam. "Vyou symbathize, you loofe me, hey?"

Hans moved away.

"Neh, neh!" he muttered roughly. "I haaf change my mind. Pauline, Mine Uncle Charles—I never tell you so before, he own de Western Farmer, yah! Und you, Pauline, you dasn't pay mine ouch vor you in Stuttgart uncle's mil. 'Look out, Hans, look out!' mine Uncle Charles say. 'Ah, ha! your uncle iss not died, Pauline. Yes I see you id. I write to heem. Mine uncle, he so advise. Your uncle, he reply: 'I haaf not died. I haaf nutting to her advantage, nein!' Hees letter I vill read," concluded Hans.

"Hey? Huh! 'A letter! Y-your uncle! M-mine uncle! Hey!" stuttered the astonished strategist, tilting backward on her seat.

"Y-yaas," and, disgusted, Hans arose.

Crash!

The widow was between two stools.

In a Russian Village.

As a rule a Russian village is a forlorn looking place, where the huts of the poor are made of birch logs, with upright oak or pine supports, ceilings of strips of the same wood and walls lined with the crude branches. In these huts there are only two rooms, one of which is not for everyday use, but is kept for best occasions. This room houses those sacred images so dear to the heart of every member of the Greek church, to which belong the great mass of the Russian people. The other room serves the purpose of both kitchen and sleeping room as one of the principal ideas of comfort to those people, so and stove bound for so many months of the year, is warmth. In many of the peasant huts no beds are used, and the top of a great stove, reaching nearly to the roof, is a much sought sleeping place. Although the conditions make dirt and the accompanying results inseparable in the domestic life of these peasants, they are devotedly fond of bathing. The vapor bath in a crude form may be called a national institution, and a not unusual picture of a summer afternoon is the village pond filled with women and children bathers.—Social Service.

Sample Meannesses.

These stories of mean persons are collected by an English newspaper:

A millionaire and his wife who were shown through a building at Windsor handed the attendant a halfpenny. It was explained that it was the only copper the millionaire had, the other coins being all silver. There are ways of becoming a millionaire and also of remaining one.

The story is told of a grocer who, when retailing a quarter of a pound of jujubes, cut one in halves with a ham knife in order to make the balance true.

A grocer had been handing a woman a few sweetmeats when she squared her weekly account. One night she asked what was the value of the sweeties. She was told. She mentioned that she did not care for sweetmeats and preferred if he would give her the value of them in sugar.

Chess.

It is no easy task to convince the modern school chess crank that his pet theories and openings were known and played centuries ago, and yet such is the case. The further we probe into ancient history the more modern become the style of the games of chess which are unearthed, until it looks as if the old masters were well up in all the wrinkles of the most favorite openings. The Ruy Lopez, invented by a priest of that name, has been played for centuries and continues to be a popular opening with the chess masters of today. The Giuoco piano has received the attention of modern analysts, and yet we find that the same moves were played centuries ago.

OLD TIME COOKERY.

Curious Recipes That Were In Use in the Fifteenth Century.

An old volume, the "Noble Boke of Cookry, for a Prynce Houssolde or ony other Estately Houssolde," written about the year 1467, contains many rare and curious recipes in use in those days not only for ordinary dishes, but those to be eaten on fast and fish days. It is curious in reading this cookery book to find that there are the same birds, beasts and fishes, the same courses and sometimes the same names to dishes as in a modern one, but, although the names are often the same, the ingredients and the preparation are very different. For instance, their "blanche mange" was composed of lamprey or other fish, and their custards contained fresh pork minced small.

Here is one recipe from the book: "To make mon-any take and boil cows' cream and when it is boiled set it aside and let it cool. Then take cow curds and press out the whey, then bruise them in a mortar and cast them in the pot to the cream and boil together. Put thereto sugar, honey and may butter, color it up with saffron and in the setting down put in yolks of eggs well beaten and do away the strake and let the potage be standing, then arrange it in dishes and plant thereto flowers of violets and serve it."

Some of the recipes in this quaint old book were intended specially for a "lorde's" table. For instance, a pike was to be served whole to a lorde," but cut in pieces for the "commonalte." Cabbages were to be thickened with grated bread for ordinary people, but served with yolks of eggs for a "lorde." The dishes at this time used at table were either gold or silver for great occasions and wooden trenchers and platters for ordinary use. It was not till the time of Queen Elizabeth that plates of metal and earthenware began to be generally used instead of wood.

WILLS IN ENGLAND.

Interesting Documents That Are on File in Somerset House.

In the heart of London, facing on one side the famous thoroughfare known as the Strand and on the other looking on the Thames, will be found Somerset House, once a private palace, but now devoted to various departments of the inland revenue of Great Britain.

Perhaps the most interesting government department in Somerset House is that devoted to the filing of wills, and, as might be supposed, the collection is immense, varied and extraordinary, ranging from the will of Shakespeare himself (containing practically the only known autograph of the world renowned poet) right down to mere curiosities in wills, such as those carved on the lid of a desk or contained within secret cabinets or escritoires.

Here for 25 cents one may inspect the will of any British person. There are wills leaving immense sums to cats and dogs; wills written in human blood. But the most interesting one has quite a romantic history.

It is the will of a British official who died in Cairo of the plague. Before his death he took care to prepare his will upon parchment procured from the skin of a freshly killed goat, but as he handled this skin himself it was thought later on that the will might have the power of transmitting the dreadful plague from which its writer died. Accordingly, after having been passed from hand to hand with some what disastrous results in the way of plague and death, the will was put into a bottle of spirits. Arrived at Somerset House, the will was read to the next of kin and deposited among the archives of the department.—Kansas City Independent.

Way to Avoid Annoyance.

"I understand," he said, "that we are reported to be engaged."

"I believe some one has taken the liberty of starting such a rumor," she replied.

"Well, don't you think it would be easier to make the rumor true than to go to the trouble and annoyance of denying it?" he suggested.

"Perhaps you are right," she admitted. "Such denials are always ineffective in addition to being more or less distressing."—Chicago Post.

A Modest Briton.

Like the traditional Englishman, Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, wore home from his first visit to America an expression of amazement which only time could efface. He was at once beset by interviewers, says the author of "Out of the Past," who asked the usual questions.

"What was the thing which most impressed you in America?" was one of these. Without a moment's hesitation Dean Stanley replied:

"My own ignorance."

A Royal Compliment.

Mgr. de Nosmond, archbishop of Toulouse, when preaching one day in the private chapel of Louis XIV, lost the thread of his discourse, so that he had to remain silent for some time. The king came to his lordship's relief with this graceful remark: "I am very glad, my lord, that you are giving me a little time to digest all the good things contained in the former part of your sermon."

How She Took It.

Harry—Here is a conundrum: When is two an odd and lucky number? Celia—You know I never can guess conundrums. Harry—When two are made one. Celia—Oh, Harry! This is so sudden!—Town Topics.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience, and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Drummond.

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The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

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Shining Chair.

The Midwinter Knight Errant

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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"Yez will be after findin' 'em split into kindlin' wood some day," said Nora maliciously, regarding Hammish's treasured blocks with an evil eye. The position of general slavey in a cheap tenement does not improve one's temper. "Do yez think yez can be keepin' a mess of chips to play wid when we all do be sufferin' crool for coal?"

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout coal. Don't care," retorted Hammish sturdily. Five years old and gentleman unafraid was he.

Presently he bethought him to visit his special friend, the little seamstress on his own floor. Concealing the precious blocks, he trotted off to her room and, getting no answer to his knock, pushed open the door and went boldly in.

Why had Maida let her fire go out? He sniffed the biting air doubtfully, wondering where she was. Then he discovered her in a drawn heap on the bed. The thin blankets were huddled over her. On top were piled her threadbare jacket and the wrapper she had been making for a firm.

Hammish went to the bedside.

"Is you sick, Maida?" he asked petulantly. He did not like sick people.

The girl opened a pair of great violet eyes and regarded him.

"Not sick," she said slowly; "jest cold. I'm freezin' to death. It's taken so long I hope 'tis come at last!"

"Does freezin' to death mean you goin' to die?"

"Yes." The blue lips scarcely shaped the word, but he caught it. It distressed him greatly by virtue of knowledge newly learned from the resourceful Nora, who had been trying to frighten the child with stories of death's grim paraphernalia. He seized her shoulder in his baby hands and tried to shake her.

"Don't die!" he cried piercingly. "You said Jack was comin' home to marry you! How can he marry you if you is dead? Do you fink he would dig you up?"

"Oh, Hammish," said the girl very faintly, "please go away! It will be long, so long, before he comes. I cannot live till then. And they told me there was no more work after this. When Jack comes, tell him I wasn't afraid of—the grave. It must be warmer down there."

Conscious that he was growing very cold himself, Hammish, fired with a sudden resolve, made for the battered coal scuttle. He would make a fire himself.

For if Jack came home and had to dig Maida up might he not hold him (Hammish) responsible? How often Maida had told him proudly of her big, warm hearted sailor who was coming across the great seas.

"And I was in no such place as this when he knew me and courted me," she would say more proudly still. "Mammy and I had a little house of our own." Then with a droop of her tired lids: "But when she died after being sick so long it was hard, so hard, to make bread. You don't know how hard, little Hammish, but it will be your turn some day."

"Don't care," Hammish was wont to reiterate scornfully. "Will take my turn all right. Shall be a man."

But now he felt vaguely that a man's responsibility rested on him long ere he had looked for it, for the battered scuttle was utterly empty. There was nothing in the pitifully bare room out of which the tiniest fire could be made. In his search he lifted the faded curtain which covered the box termed a pantry. Not a fragment of food was within. It dawned on Hammish that if there was no food as well as no coal Maida might be hungry. Again he attacked her imperatively.

"Has you eat your dinner?"

"Go away, Hammish," repeated the girl. "How could I eat? There—was—nothing."

Now, indeed, the puzzled knight errant faced a complex situation. His mother, the deus ex machina who always remedied all wrongs, would not return until sunset. How long did it take people to die? Would Maida really die before his mother's return just because she was cold? Of whom could he take counsel? He knew no one but his enemy, Nora.

He waylaid her in the corridor.

"Oh, wait!" he cried. "Please wait! How long does it take people to freeze?"

"No time at all," said Nora scornfully, "ye little fool, ye!"

"And then"—

"Then they dig a cellar a hole an' slap 'em into it!"

She whisked on down the corridor, and Hammish went wearily to his own quarters and stood before the fire thinking.

For he was now facing the great problem of self sacrifice which all of us meet sooner or later. Either he must burn his beloved blocks or Maida must freeze. Either he must warm his milk for her by the block fire or Maida must go hungry. If he did these two deeds, he would lose his playthings and his supper.

The girl on the bed took no heed of passing time. She was in the last sleep before death, which the frost king fills with exquisite mirage.

Then something troubled her. A voice was calling, calling, insistently, angrily, and with the voice floated a smell of something burning. Then a shrill wail made her open her eyes in earnest. She sat up to discover Hammish dancing frantically around a fire of blocks in the grate, on which boiled a tin cup of milk, now running over the edge.

"Dweadful smell, isn't it?" he shrieked excitedly. "Come quick! Hurry!"

She stumbled out somehow—the child must be attended to—and presently found herself swallowing the hot milk Hammish manfully forced on her. It brought new life to her veins, and she understood the miracle of the fire and food.

"Oh, you darling!" she wept, clasping him closely.

Hammish tore himself loose.

"You are cwyin' all over me," he said with masculine disapproval. "Was the milk too hot in you' stummick?"

As they crouched together by the fire they did not hear a knock at the door until it was twice repeated.

Then it was Hammish who shouted "Come in," Hammish who faced the stranger and Hammish who yelled shrilly with pleasure as he discovered the sailor uniform and saw the little gray parrot perched, falconwise, on the sailor's wrist.

The knight errant stood with feet apart, as though the deck heaved under him, and shouted triumphantly:

"He's done come—an' you won't have to be dug up neither."

A magical hour followed, for those foolish two under Hammish's eyes forgot everything but each other. He had the gray parrot and the stranger's pockets to himself, being given permission to explore them, while the fire, extravagantly replenished, shot up and crackled gayly.

To the strange things his investigations produced the brown, haired seamstress paid no attention, for the golden dream of love was reality—the hoping, the faithful waiting, had not been in vain. And when love must put aside human despair in order to enter his own kingdom he becomes radiant with a beauty that those who have not endured much for his sake never see.

Next morning Hammish ate his breakfast with great gusto, for a big basket of various fruits was in the little pantry and he himself was allowed a huge yellow orange.

Nora helped clean off the table, coming in for a share of fruit, and then remarked crossly:

"He after rememberin' to kape yer ould blocks out of my way or it's burnin' em I'll be."

Hammish swallowed hard. One solitary tear splashed on his pinafore.

They are burnt a'ready," he said with stern dignity, for he felt bitterly that this was Nora's triumph.

"It's lyin' you be," retorted Nora.

Here at least he could prove her wrong. He threw wide the play cupboard door, entering to confront her dramatically with its drear emptiness. But, oh, miracle! From the ashes of the burned blocks had arisen such cubes and squares as he had not deemed possible. He saw from his mother's smile that they were his—all his! With a shout he sprang at them, and Maida and Jack were forgotten as swarms of soldiers manned new forts or thronged to wild attacks.

Breaking It Gently.

Danny O'Brien worked on the section and was as tender hearted a man as ever got drunk and cracked a pate with a shillalah. At the time of Pat Dumphy's great misfortune Danny was chosen by the section gang to break the news gently to Mrs. Dumphy.

"Good marnin', Mrs. Dumphy," said he. "Did ye hear about Pat?"

"I heard nothing about him since breakfast," she answered.

"Did he seem to be all right, then?"

"Sure he did."

"Ye noticed nothin' wrong wid his mind?"

"Nothin' at all. Phwhy de ye ask?"

"Well, I hear that his mind do be wanderin' a little."

"An' phwhat do ye mean be that?"

"I mean he have lost his reason, Mrs. Dumphy."

"Lost his reason, is it? An' how did he do that?"

"Well, Mrs. Dumphy," said Danny, scratching his head, "I don't know exactly. Ye see, I wasn't close by whin it happened. But I do be hearin' from the rest o' the b'ys that he fell across the track, an' a train cut his head off."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Scottish Trade In 1590.

Some idea of the miscellaneous trade carried on by a Scottish merchant in 1590 may be formed when it is stated that David Wedderburne exported wheat to Spain, herring to France, powder to Rouen and Bordeaux, salmon to Flanders, cloth to Norway and "woiffin beddis cloth" to Sweden. In exchange for these he imported wines: "Claret, Bardeaux, Alagant, Muskedall, lis and quhyt wine," from France and Spain, "apels and anzeous" from Flanders, but from Norway and Sweden silk, velvet, vinacre, "oly doly" (olive oil) from France, "pentit bruds over gilt" (pictures) from Holland, silk, "grew grain," confectionery and "sucker candee" from Flanders, "marmilade" from Spain and countless other commodities intended rather for the upper classes than for the craftsmen.—Scottish Review.

If You Would Live.

If your aim is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains. I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns' or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them, sinner as well as saint. The work of other men lives, but their personality dies out of their labors. The poet who reproduces himself in his creation as no other artist does or can goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Where the Crowds Went.

An old actor was illustrating the danger of giving advice, and he told of a theatrical manager who adopted the line "Go where the crowds go" as a sort of trademark and used it on all his literature and posters. "The scheme worked pretty well," said the actor, "until the theatrical man struck a town at the same time a circus was there. Then the suggestion, 'Go where the crowds go,' proved a boomerang, for the crowds were going to the circus, and the theatrical man went broke."

Intuition.

"Pa, what is intuition?"

"Merely the feminine of suspicion, my son."—Harper's Bazar.

Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

How It Flaunted Itself at One Time in the French Capital.

Some of the old stories told of the gaming tables can hardly be believed nowadays, though they are related in such a cool, matter of fact style by writers of the time as to show that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the practice formed a part of high class social existence. Captain Gronow relates that, having been appointed to the staff of General Picton, who was then starting for Brussels (1815), he obtained $1,000 from the army agents, "which," he continues, "I took with me to a gambling house in St. James' square, where I managed, by some wonderful accident, to win £600." With this sum he subsequently provided his necessary outfit.

When the allies marched into Paris after the battle of Waterloo, Gronow found the Palais Royal a hotbed of gambling—"the very heart of French dissipation." "There were tables for all classes. The workman might play with 20 sous or the gentleman with 10,000 francs. The law did not prevent any class from indulging in a vice that assisted to fill the coffers of the municipality of Paris." The English visitors were not slow to participate in the play, one officer of the guards obtaining leave of absence and never quitting the Palais Royal till the time came for his return to the regiment.

Large fortunes were often lost at gambling in those days; the losers disappearing never more to be heard of. Lord Thanet, for instance, who had an income of $250,000 a year, lost every farthing at play and, concludes Gronow, "I do not remember any instance where those who spent their time in this den did not lose all they possessed."

FLOWERS IN MEXICO.

So Plentiful That They Are Used For Great Public Decorations.

As a people the Mexicans are very fond of flowers, and every village, town and city has its place where flowers are sold, and many of the larger places have extensive flower markets. Often the flowers brought to the market are wild specimens found in the woods and the fields, but all are beautiful. In many of the smaller towns and villages the public parks and the sidewalks of the streets are used as places for the sale of flowers. Everywhere they may be bought at surprisingly low prices. So plentiful are flowers they are used for great public decorations. Sometimes whole parks and the fronts of buildings for many streets are covered with floral decorations on a feast day.

The Mexican love of flowers has been inherited from a long line of flower loving ancestors. More than a thousand years ago the chief feature of worship among the Toltecs was the great floral offering which was made to the fair god once a year and which lasted for a whole Mexican week. During this festival one of the features was a great floral procession, which traversed the principal streets of the city to the sound of musical instruments. Every one in the procession carried flowers to lay upon the altar of the god or to place upon the steps or walls of his temple. In this procession were princes, nobles, priests and commoners. This floral festival was an expression of the love of nature for which the Toltecs were noted. Until they came into contact with the Aztecs later on in history they were purely nature worshipers, and flowers and fruits formed the chief part of their offerings. So the Mexican comes by his love of flowers honestly.

Intermarrying Among Rooks.

Among the odd habits of rooks is the way that members of the same rookery have of intermarrying generation after generation. The males always choose their wives from their near neighbors, and if one should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance the other rooks will invariably refuse to receive her and will force the pair to build some way off. In the neighborhood of big rookeries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.

Belgium Marriages.

In Belgium it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books, which also contain a summary of the marriage laws and among a mass of other miscellaneous information directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerately affording space for twelve such entries.

Always Something Wrong.

Clerk—Please, sir, can I have a week's vacation? Employer—What's wrong with you now? Clerk—I'm going to get married. Employer—Now, you were away a week with influenza and ten days with a sprained ankle. I declare, there's always something going wrong with you, Jones.

Bills to Suit Circumstances.

"How much will it cost me to get a divorce?" asked the man.

"That depends," replied the lawyer absentmindedly. "How much have you got?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Advantage Mutual.

"Does her family approve of her ambition to go upon the operatic stage?"

"Um—er—yes and no—that is, they approve of her going away to sing?"—Detroit Free Press.

Would Have the Fun Afterward.

His Mother—Tommy, if you fight with little Willie Walters today I shall put you to bed for two hours. Tommy—Put me to bed now, ma.

Ask only the well about their health—Bacon.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

MEN WHO LOOK ALIKE.

It Is Easy to Become a Victim of Mistaken Identity.

"One of the strongest pieces of evidence against an accused man when there is any doubt connected with the identity of the criminal is the statement of any one or more witnesses that he is the man: I could pick him out of a crowd,' and yet despite the awful weight this often has in deciding the result of a trial it is in reality weak and fallacious and would fail to pieces if a good, practical test were made of the witness' alleged remarkable perspicuity," said the man who is fond of criminal research. "I think it has been the experience of nearly every man who has traveled any to meet with numerous people who will take him for some one else. At least a dozen times in my career has this occurred. This has been in broad daylight on the street or some public place where with clear vision and unhampered thought a man does not know if I am myself or some one else. Change the conditions—sunshine for darkness, an ordinary street scene for one of crime, perhaps murder, with its attendant excitement and mind disturbance, and say it is possible for a man who has caught perhaps one moment's view of the fleeing criminal to go into the witness stand and 'identify' the man. Suppose we were to advertise for three or four men bearing a close resemblance to the prisoner and they would not be very hard to find in a city of this size, dress them exactly like the accused and let them mingle and intermingle among themselves, and it is almost a foregone conclusion that the best witness in the court will be so puzzled he cannot tell one from another."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LITTLE THINGS.

The Importance They at Times Assume in Affairs of Life.

"The longer I live," observed the cashier of a bank downtown, "the more I realize the importance of little things. Here is a case in point," he continued, referring to a letter he just had received. "A few weeks ago I had two callers in my office, one an excitable elderly man, a big depositor, and the other the president of a manufacturing concern and the writer of this letter. This manufacturer left, and soon afterward the excitable man discovered that some one had taken his hat. He stormed about the place until one of the clerks suggested that perhaps the manufacturer had taken it by mistake. The excitable man demanded his address and started out to hunt him down and give him a piece of his mind.

"The other day I read a letter from the manufacturing concern and was astonished to see among the names of its officers that of my excitable caller as vice president. My curiosity was aroused, and I made some inquiries. Now I learn that the excitable man was so pleasantly received when he called for his hat that his anger cooled at once. Then he got to talking about the manufacturer's business and the money he was making. A few days later he invested heavily in the concern and was elected its vice president. And all because of that little mistake about a hat."—New York Press.

The Umbrella Tree.

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